

The TATLER

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London, September 3 1930

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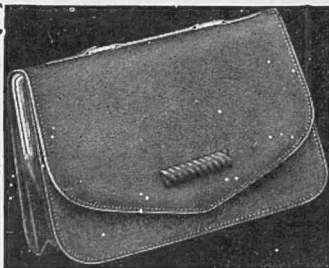
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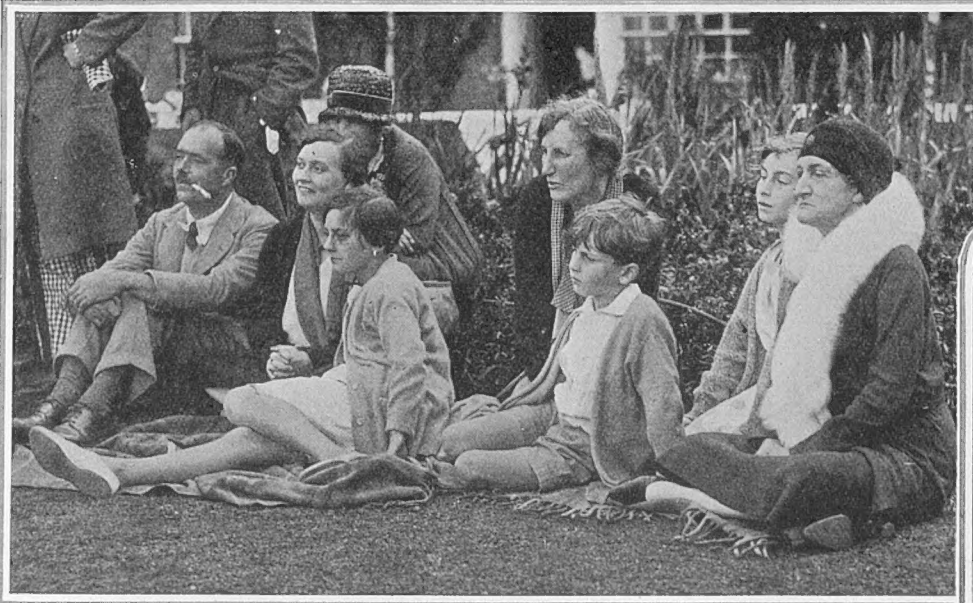
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"LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES!"

A SCENE IN "LET US BE GAY" AT THE LYRIC

Mr. Francis Lister as Townley Town, the "professional guest," Mr. Arthur Margetson as Bob Brown, whose own divorced Kitty (Miss Tallulah Bankhead) is co-opted by old Mrs. Boucicault (Miss Helen Haye) to vamp her own ex-husband, and so save an amorous damsel named Deirdre from making a fool of herself. It ends up with Bob and Kitty deciding to get married again. The play is fully dealt with in The Passing Shows pages in this issue



AT THE SUTTON COURTNEY FÊTE

Howard Evans

Lady Oxford and some of her guests watching the children's dancing at this fête, which had (luckily) the right sort of weather to make it a success. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Hartley, Princess Antoine Bibesco (behind), Princess Bibesco, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, Lady Bonham-Carter, Mark Bonham-Carter, Laura Bonham-Carter, and Lady Oxford

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

MY DEAR,—The opening gambit for this week's chronicle of moves on the social chess-board presents no difficulties, it being obvious that the marriage of Mr. Tony Murray to Miss Angela Pearson must have pride of place. A Bishop was in support, to develop my metaphor, and a problem confronted the ushers, namely, how to arrange in suitable positions the vast number of guests who filled Easebourne Church to overflowing.

The wedding had a dignified simplicity which was most impressive, and for once one felt one was taking part in a solemn service rather than looking on at a theatrical production, this being the effect experienced at so many London weddings. The central figures were obviously very happy, and nothing could have become Miss Pearson better than her straight white satin frock, Russian head-dress of orange-blossom, and filmy tulle veil.

A five-yards train separated her from her ten attendants, as attractive a bunch of bridesmaids as you could wish to see. One of them, Miss Susan Roberts, will be a bride herself in six weeks' time, her marriage to Mr. Somerset Maxwell having been fixed for October 15 at St. Margaret's.

* *

We will now go over, to borrow the phrase of the B.B.C. announcer, to Cowdray Park, where a seemingly endless company proffered wishes for good fortune to the young couple. And, by the way, isn't it difficult to select an apt and unhackneyed congratulatory phrase for this occasion? Lady Weldon and her eldest son were

very ready with theirs, both having a facility for good turns of speech. Poor Sir Anthony, however, has not felt at all conversationally inclined during the last few days, having just experienced a painful parting with his tonsils.

I do not propose to make individual mention of all the famous faces present, but I must not omit the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, who were there to give their young kinsman a good send-off. I was also delighted to encounter Sir George and Lady Murray,

Mr. Murray's grand-parents. I had not seen them since War days, when Lady Murray's Hospital at Le Tréport had the well-deserved reputation for being the most popular hospital in France. Its success was entirely due to Lady Murray herself, who thought out every plan for the well-being of its occupants and, except for very short periods of leave, was in active control from November, 1914, until after the Armistice.

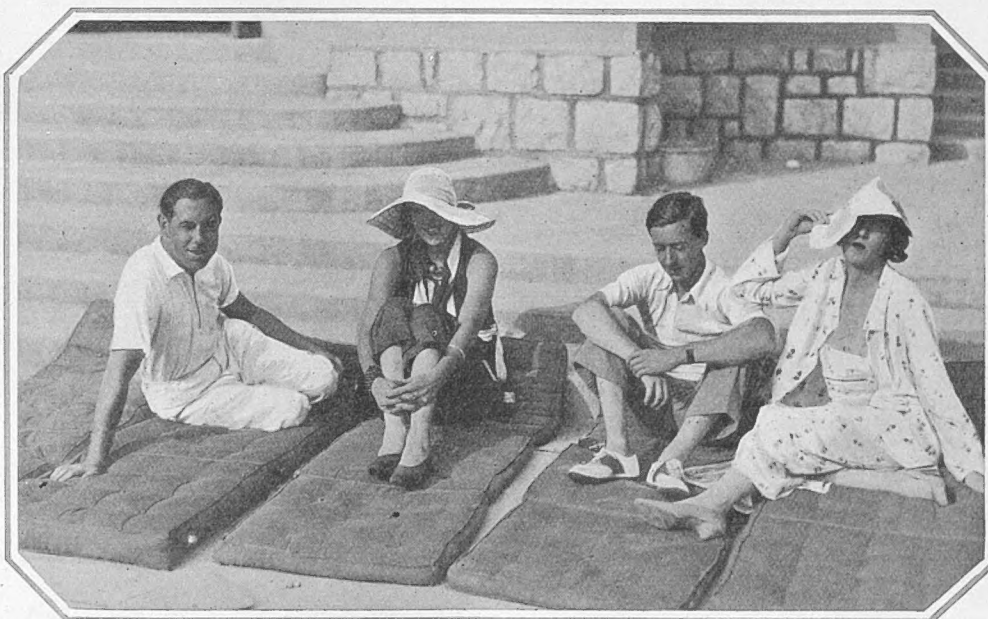
Having been diverted from the wedding, I will return to it just to tell you that Lord and Lady Cowdray



Howard Evans

PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO

The only daughter of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith. Prince Antoine Bibesco's little leg-haul at the expense of the French play-producers is still remembered with mirth. He sent them a copy of Molière's "Georges Dandin," merely altering the name of the author and the characters—and they turned it down as one man



AT MONTE CARLO LAST WEEK

A group in some of the sun which the Continent has been so engaging as to send England with which to make a heat wave which hit up 92 deg. in the shade last week. Left to right: Mr. Clarence French, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, Lord Donegall, and Miss Stewart-Brown

gave their daughter a diamond tiara and two fur coats and their son-in-law a motor-car. Whether the latter was concerned with the honeymoon I have no idea, the locality having been kept a close secret.

And still they come. This is the state of affairs on the Riviera where, according to my correspondent, it is almost impossible to keep pace with new arrivals, so numerous are they. At Cap d'Antibes Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley have great bathing-parties with their children, who swim remarkably well and don't mind about the water being still so long as it runs deep. Lord Portarlington is another daily dipper and lives up to expectations by wearing a most exclusive suiting and the largest possible sun hat. He and Lady Portarlington have been among the constant diners at Palm Beach which, at a quick glance, generally seems to contain all the Embassy Club members *en bloc*.

Sir Warden Chilcott was to be seen there when he paid Cannes a short visit on his way to Corsica, to which attractive locality his yacht, *Dolphin*, has now conveyed him. Mr. and Mrs. Grahame-White had also come ashore from *Ethleen* and were giving a big party a good evening.

Two of the greatest social successes are Sir Hugo de Bathe and General Tom Bridges, though the latter is more often at sea than not, sailing being one of his particular amusements. Mlle. Pavlova spent a far from idle holiday, several hours of dancing being included in her daily programme, in preparation for her new season.

Mrs. McLoughlin (or, for your better information, Mrs. Vernon Castle) is one attractive person who merits mention, and Miss "Baby" Jungman is another. As for Lord Donegall, he is here, there, and everywhere—motoring, aquaplaning, playing tennis,



AT THE ELGIN GATHERING: THE EARL OF MARCH AND LIEUT.-COLONEL IAN FORBES

The Earl of March is the son and heir of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose Highland seat is Gordon Castle, Fochabers, Banffshire. Lieut.-Colonel Ian Forbes used to be in the Gordons and afterwards commanded the 3rd Battrn. Royal Scots Fusiliers



LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY

A recent snapshot at Mount Hill, Tadworth, Lord George Wellesley's Surrey seat. Lady George Wellesley is a daughter of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, 20th Knight of Kerry

Everyone has a car, and the coast looks like a gargantuan international motor show, with speed-boats by the dozen thrown in, and here and there an aeroplane.

The Monte Carlo bathing beach is a sight to remember. It consists of a cement platform with a pool cut out of it, sand on two sides, a persistent and powerful band on the third, and on the fourth a large ball-room. All this is overlooked by mountains and cascades of villas and hotels, with the main railway line quite handy. I am assured that it grows on one, but wouldn't you hate to grow on it?

However, there are plenty of people who think differently. Lady Seafeld and Lady Phyllis Allen, for instance, who were to be seen one day sharing a sun umbrella and consuming hot chocolate and buns with evident appreciation. Mr. Derek Herbert and his wife have been occupying an enchanting small villa at Cap Ferrat, cheek by jowl with the sea, and in their shady garden they have started a new hobby, to wit, rabbit-rearing. It is becoming quite a fashionable pursuit but entails very early rising, as no self-respecting Wilfred will be seen in the market after 6.15 a.m.

Lady Seafeld does not play tennis, but as her husband does, and rather well too, she is learning to be quite an enthusiastic onlooker.

From all accounts it is time the Riviera authorities took thought for their highways. I hear that the lower Nice-Monte Carlo road is a particular offender, being merely a succession of appalling pot-holes, and considering the luxury-traffic it carries winter and summer, this is not at all as it should be. Occasionally the powers that be do decide on repairs, and then they are amazingly reckless with their energy.

(Continued on p. 426)

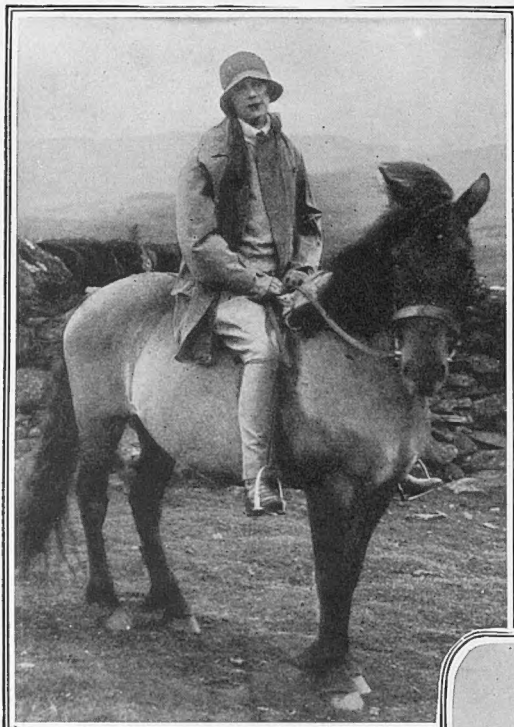


MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE

At the Devon and Exeter 'Chases at Haldon last week, run in weather more suited to Henley than winter sport. Mr. Cyril Maude has returned more or less recently from an expedition to Hollywood, where he made a film of that ripe character, "Grumpy," which was one of his biggest stage successes

and dancing till all hours, and still contriving, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, to look "not one penny the worse."

It is quite a mistake to imagine that the Riviera encourages rest; on the contrary, the days are one continual speed trial from dewy morn till bedtime, which terms are frequently synonymous. It is quite a usual procedure to motor from Cannes to Monte Carlo for lunch and a bathe, back to the Eden Rock for another swim, call in at the Majestic Bar for a cocktail, dine at Palm Beach, and end up with a flutter at "chemmy" at Juan-les-Pins.



Arthur Owen
IN PERTHSHIRE: THE VICOMTESSE
DE JANZÉ

On the moors at Drumour, where she is one of the guests at Lord Wimborne's shooting party. The Vicomtesse de Janzé is the wife of Vicomte Henri de Janzé and the daughter of Captain William and Lady Lilian Boyd, who is a daughter of the 2nd Earl of Munster

The other morning Mr. Teddie Mather Jackson left his car outside a small hotel for about half an hour. When he came out he found it standing on an island, the remainder of the road having been dismantled.

Another rather amazing thing is the amount of luggage considered necessary for a normal day's play down south. At least two bathing outfits, which usually means four pieces, a camera, a book which is never opened, a box of "war paint," a sunburn suit, a couple of pairs of sandals, and a coat or two. Some people even cart their own orange mattresses round with them, and at the end of the day, when four or five friends start sorting out their "spare parts," the scene is indescribable.

Over here St. Swithin, having given us a demonstration to prove he is no *vieux jeu*, has departed taking his generous watering-can with him, and at last we are on to a real hot thing in the way of weather. One cannot help pitying the unfortunate people who had their holiday enthusiasms thoroughly damped during July and most of August, and are now pining for the sea and some real fresh air.

In quest of this atmospheric rarity I betook myself last week-end to a cottage which I remembered as being buried in the depths of Suffolk, unreachable even by car and undisturbed save by the flap of a stately heron's wings or the piping of sundry waterfowl. But what a disappointment was in store. True there is still no means of approach by motor, and the herons and sand-pipers still linger, but now only a mile or two separates it from Felixstowe's monster flying-station. I know it is most praiseworthy that Great Britain holds the Schneider Cup and continues to achieve air triumphs. Still I cannot help resenting the shattering of my solitude by the intermittent passage overhead of a roaring, screaming bullet hurtling through the heavens at some incredible speed and banking with a frightful tearing sound just over my garden.

London, for all its heat, I find quite attractive. One dines quietly here and there and speculates as to the interests and *habitats* of fellow-eaters while idly wondering what brings them to the metropolis. That solitary man who makes his soup sound so good might well be one of Jack Diamond's confederates awaiting the gangster's arrival from New York instead of which he is probably a blameless beef-monger from Buenos Aires. The couple in the corner are obviously married; they haven't spoken a word except to the waiter. Their neighbours, I should say, are

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

married, too, but not to each other. It's quite an amusing game, and the fact that one is unlikely to meet either friend or acquaintance is in itself rather restful.

However, the pause in social activities will be shorter than usual this year. To-morrow, for instance, the Cambridge Theatre makes its bow with Beatrice Lillie in *Charlot's Masquerade*, and Noel Coward's new play, *Private Lives*, with its author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leading parts, is due at another new theatre, the Phoenix, on September 24.

One person who has been faithful to London through August is Mr. Roy de Mestre, the Australian artist, who gave his first one-man show in England at the Beaux Arts Gallery this summer.

His work is extraordinarily interesting for he approaches painting not merely from the artistic but the scientific standpoint, having studied the mathematical relation of colour to tone and achieved colour-scales by means of a subdivision of the spectrum. It all sounds very difficult but the results are most easy to look at, and curiously exhilarating. Mr. de Mestre is considered the most advanced of all the Australian artists, and the Paris Salon has set the seal of its approval on his picture.

Talking of pictures, here is one from somewhere in Scotland which has just reached me by post: "This place is Paradise. Everything close at hand—lochs, heather, rocks, and sea—with a perfectly good country house to live in.

The bay from which we bathe has a great curve of golden sand pinned down to the sea by ragged cliffs, and everywhere you look are glorious views, with a glimpse of Ireland on a clear day. Lovely sun and fat white clouds, very high and luminous. There is fishing, of course, and casual shooting when anything is needed for the pot, and the yacht is a dream of bliss and luxury." Can you bear it?

From the more sophisticated surroundings of Turnberry comes news of notabilities going game in clubs, Lord Rothermere having lately been one of the daily males on this famous course. Lord Bethell too has been taking part in golfing contests, and Sir Alfred and Lady Butt and their son are other recent visitants.—Yours, EVE.



AT NORTH BERWICK: SIR DUNCAN
HAY AND MISS D'ARCY

Heat waves do not seem to worry North Berwick, where the sea breeze has a bit the best of it. Sir Duncan Hay is the 10th baronet and was formerly a Subaltern in the Royal Scots (Lothian regiment)



Arthur Owen
LORD CASTLEROSSE AND MADAME
LETELLIER

Who were among the guests at Lord Wimborne's shoot at Drumour, Perthshire. Lord Castlerosse is one of England's most industrious Society journalists

RACING ON THE KNAVESMIRE



IN THE ENCLOSURE: THE HON. AND MRS. GEOFFREY HOWARD AND LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL



LADY MIDDLETON



MAJOR THE HON. AND MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES. LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM, AND THE HON. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON-RUSSELL



MISS PAMELA BECKETT AND MRS. CHARLESWORTH



MISS MARGARET LANE-FOX, LADY ANGELA SCOTT, AND COL. THE RT. HON. GEORGE LANE-FOX



LADY BEAUMONT AND MR. LLOYD

All the snapshots in this page were taken on the day when Lord Woolavington's Parenthesis (present joint favourite for the Leger with Diolite) ran that dead-heat with British Sailor in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and some people did not think a lot of the gallop because Old Friend, who ran third, was said to be travelling on better than the dead-heaters at the finish. The Hon. Geoffrey Howard who is in the same group with Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, a former Steward of the Jockey Club, is an uncle of the Earl of Carlisle. The Hon. Edward Lascelles and Colonel Lane-Fox spell "Bramham," for their family names are the two most prominent in that hunt's history. Major Lascelles frequently officiates for the master, his brother, Lord Harewood. Lady Middleton was formerly Miss Angela Hall. Miss Pamela Beckett and Mrs. Charlesworth are sisters, the daughters of the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Beckett. Their father is an uncle of Lord Grimthorpe

A Holiday Article : By JAMES AGATE

"WHY not go on the *Megalomania*?" my friend asked. "Why not?" I replied. Whereupon I wrote to my bank-manager as follows: "Dear Sir,—When you receive this I shall have embarked on the *Megalomania*. But don't be alarmed. I am getting off at Cherbourg. Ta-ta!" It is said that Oscar Wilde's epithet for the Atlantic Ocean was "disappointing." I shall use the same word to describe the *Megalomania*. The boat was not exactly dirty but indescribably dingy, as though it had not been painted for years. It had been scrubbed but it didn't sparkle, and there was a smell about the decks like that of school dormitories made ready for the beginning of term. Then the boat was so big that one lost all sense of being on a ship. It was the first time I had ever been on a really big liner, and I felt a sudden need for Mr. Arnold Bennett. Only he, I mused, would know why one could not get a drink on deck at high noon when one had been liberally supplied in the train two hours before, why they only made use of two funnels out of three, where the sailors were, and why at Cherbourg they did not send out two tenders instead of one. To spend an hour watching Americans preparing to return home is one of the duller recreations. But that turned out to be liveliness itself compared with the evening we spent in Cherbourg. Has anybody ever done that before? Anyhow, about half-past-nine I retired to bed with MacLaurin's "Post Mortem," and read fascinating accounts of Ann Boleyn's nymphomania, Joan of Arc's sex-repression, Gibbon's hydrocele, Pepys' stone, and Napoleon's cancer. After which I fell asleep and dreamed I had acquired the lot. Next morning our French chauffeur joined us in a car the body of which had apparently been modelled on that of an aeroplane. The young man was very proud of this and was quite offended when I pointed out that the wretched thing was hardly bigger than a good-sized mouse-trap. Two stoutish Englishmen, two large bags of golf-clubs and kit, to cope with a cold snap or a heat wave demand accommodating; I will only hint that we have already spent seven days re-arranging luggage and do not yet appear to have hit upon the ideal distribution.

De l'audace! Toujours de l'audace! said some French revolutionary worthy, at a moment when, however, his own life was not in danger. That, or something like it, seemed to be the motto of our young French chauffeur. It is a curious thing that the road-manners of a nation as courteous as the French should be so inexpressibly filthy. I once knew an unfortunate devil who suffered from a quaint "compulsional neurosis," as I believe the doctors call it, like touching lamp-posts. This poor fellow could not bear to be overtaken in the street, neither could he resist the temptation to overtake every other pedestrian. The French drive their motor-cars on this principle and no other. They cut in the whole time on the theory that a miss is as good as a mile, with the result that in this tiny car I can actually smell the paint on those we rush by. Nothing has overtaken us yet, and there is that about our chauffeur's ears and neck which suggests that nothing will. Nor does the condition of the roads affect the gallant fellow. How the springs stand it I don't know; in fact they don't, and at Brest it turned out that six out of the seven *larnes de ressort*—whatever that may be in English—were snapped through. Brest seemed to me to have

the appearance of Liverpool and the weather of Manchester, and indeed up to this point our investigation into the nature of Brittany has proved meagre of interest and enjoyment. Are there worse greens anywhere in the world than those arid, dusty pocket-handkerchiefs of Dinard? I except, of course, the old course at Llandudno.

The Point du Raz, or Brittany's Land's End, was amusing. To begin with it is disfigured by the most hideous hotel ever put up by a speculator, Jew or Christian. This vile construction has but one redeeming feature; it is grey-blue, whereas of course it might have been vermilion. Next to it are the white marble monument to the shipwrecked, and the tawdry little shops where tanned harpies bid consumptive rickety children "give Monsieur the change." This means that one gives the poor little brat something, or if he looks ill enough possibly abandons him the lot. (It is this constant dribble of dirty bits of paper alleged to be worth 5 and 10 francs which make holidaying in

France so expensive a business.) My own view is that these unhealthy, moribund children are hired from Paris for the season. Of anything in the way of entertainment this part of Brittany is completely destitute. When the sun sets you set also. Our only excitement during the past week has been to gaze at town halls into which nobody ever goes, and upon barrack squares where nobody parades, and there isn't even the fun of seeing somebody else do pack-drill. It is true that one night there was immense fuss in our hotel. Suddenly the dining-room door opened and twenty-four Breton peasant women entered, ushered in by a padre. They ate brill and drank cider, and it appeared that on the next day somebody in some convent was about to take the veil. So I retired to bed with Mr. Priestley's incomplete works, and was presently dreaming that that distinguished writer and myself were taking the veil together. Only the officiating clergyman kept taking objection to Mr. Priestley's pipe.

Is there a worse golf-course in the world than La

Baule? The greens are good, but the fairway looks as though the dustmen had removed it, or dumped it there—I am not quite sure which. Then again the hinterland, or back-shore, or whatever it is you call it! Balzac places the scene of "Béatrix" next door at Le Croisie, but even he, in the stupendously dull pages of that majestic novel, has not painted the monotony of those miles upon miles of salt lakes and what appear to be sewage farms. Add the more desolate reaches of Southport to the unmitigated horrors of Southend and Peacehaven, and you still cannot touch that wilderness which crawls up to the very back doors of this fashionable *plage*. However it is fashionable, thank Heaven, or at least it is my intention that it shall appear so to my companion, who is even less travelled than I. This morning I took him on the beach and invited him to lie down on a heap of mud attired in a dressing-gown and sandals, wrist-watch, and parasol. I assured my friend that THE TATLER photographer would be round pleasantly. He wasn't! Later I pointed out a joyous group in which Sir Thomas Beecham was bathing with—Miss Sitwell, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Mr. Tom Webster. Anyhow, my paper is drawing to an end, and my holiday task is nearly done. As this is a film article let me say that last night I saw a film called *Asphalte*, which, however, appeared to be about something else, like this article.



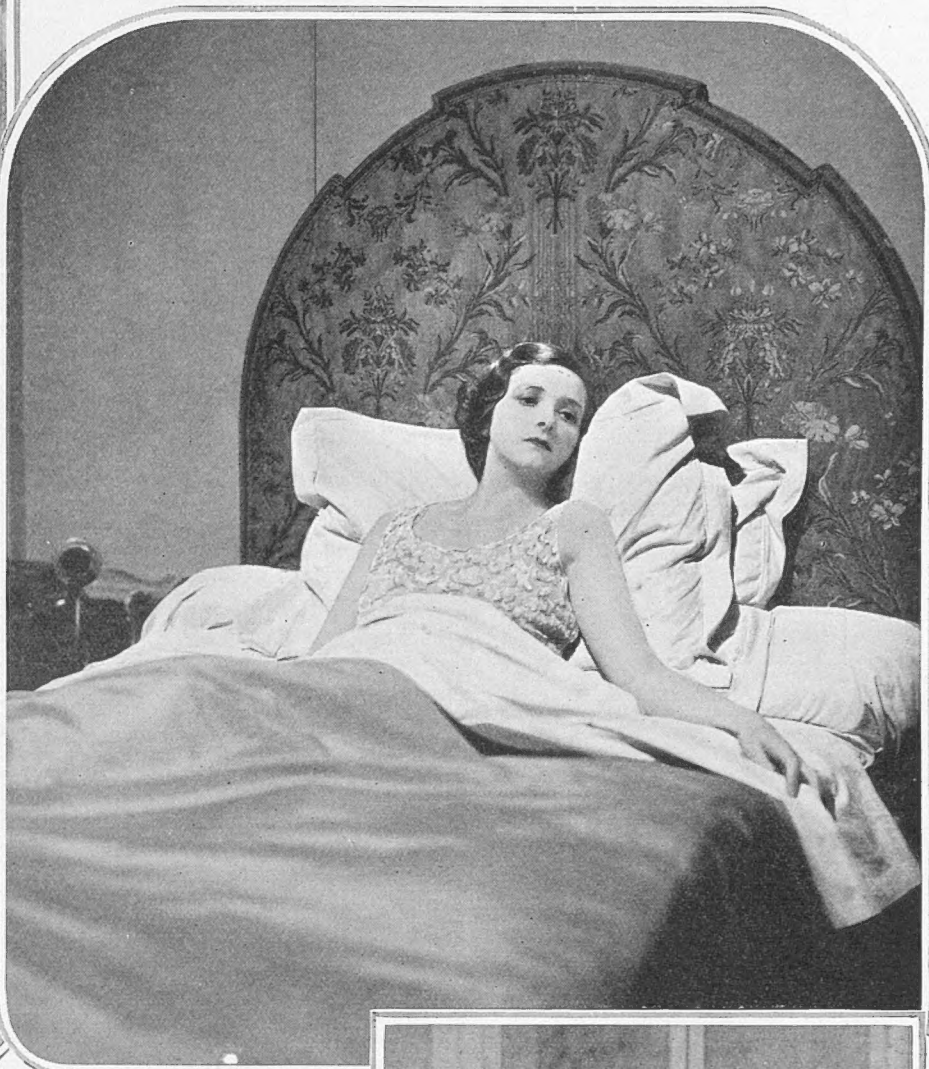
MISS VILMA BANKY

Whose latest star part is in a film called "Sun-kissed." Her second talkie was "A Lady to Love," which was based on the stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted." Vilma Banky won the prize in a competition for America's most popular film star. She is a Hungarian and a very beautiful blonde

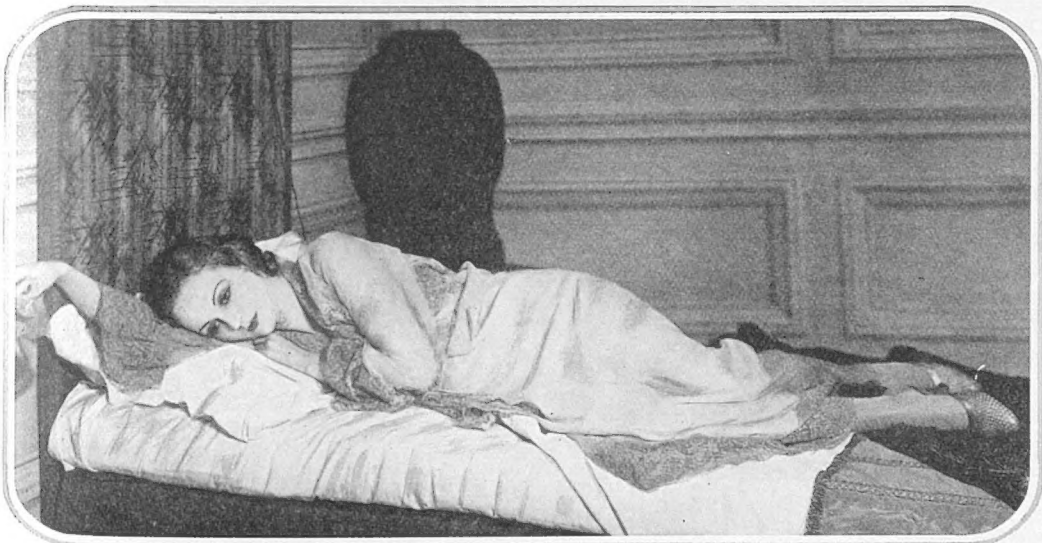
PLAYS OF THE MOMENT



IN "CYNARA": MISS CELIA JOHNSON AND SIR GERALD DU MAURIER



MISS GLADYS COOPER-CLEMENCY IN "CYNARA"



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN "LET US BE GAY"



IN "CYNARA": MISS GWENDOLINE HILL, MISS CELIA JOHNSON, AND MISS JOAN CAROL

"Cynara" at the Playhouse, in which Sir Gerald Du Maurier plays the erring, but previously, perfect husband, Jim Warlock, of Clemency (Miss Gladys Cooper), is one of the plays which has got its feet firmly planted, and tells a good gripping story of the back-sliding of Jim with Doris, a little mannequin who kills herself. The coroner has a good many hard things to say of middle-aged philanderers, but after all is over Clemency forgives Jim, and takes him back. Miss Gwendoline Hill, Miss Celia Johnson, and Miss Joan Carol, are seen in the beauty competition scene which comes into the story. Miss Tallulah Bankhead is seen in the prologue of "Let Us Be Gay" when Kitty first discovers her husband's faithlessness

Photographs by Sasha

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"



LADY IRENE CUBITT AND LADY HARRINGTON

At York races in last week's heat wave. Lady Irene Cubitt is a daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, and married the Hon. Archibald Cubitt in 1926. Lady Harrington is the widow of the late Lord Harrington, M.F.H., who was killed out hunting last season

invariably against you. To what is described at the elections as the "Nonconformist conscience" the whole thing is lumped together as a sin and a shame, and so often it is. For those who backed Rash Hero each way in Lady Marjorie's race at Sandown, what a sin it was that the judge mistook the colours and placed him fourth instead of second, and what a shame it was paying out on the Monday. What a pure and hallowed thing it is, however, to get 4 to 1 each way about a 13 to 8 winner, and besides, Rash Hero will get his losses back later on. The Nonconformist conscience, however, would have no scruples about backing its opinion financially that, say, Watney deferred ordinary were too low at 40s., and it is considered in the most straitlaced circles a sanctified and thrifty thing to do to back yourself with an insurance company at about 100 to 6 to die before you are seventy. This is sheer gambling against the law of averages which the insurance companies have worked out to a fraction, and then given the odds an affectionate squeeze of about four points.

The whole question as to whether the thing is lucrative or not depends on whether the odds are in your favour. Book-makers live at it by laying under the odds, so do insurance companies, so do the backers who get over the odds, so does M. Zographos, who takes the bank at baccarat. So also does a friend of mine, one of the real old type of sportsman, the sort of man whose right thumb is worn to a wafer from pushing forward the safety-catch of his gun, whose left index-finger is cut to the bone from controlling countless thousands of miles of salmon line, and whose shin-bones have each developed a callous lump from constant contact with the stirrup-irons. As a steward of several meetings he is, of course, not allowed to bet on racing, it being a well-known fact that stewards and jockeys are not allowed to do so, corroboration for which can be obtained in a "Pink 'Un" and a "Pelican" in which it is stated that the last ones to do so were burnt in effigy at Newmarket in the reign of Charles II. In consequence he has reduced the art of betting on golf, billiards, etc., to a fine art which shows a steady and untaxable yearly profit. It is in the making of the match over a carefully selected lunch that the game is won, the 18 holes played afterwards is a mere formality. The juggling of monetary odds, strokes, and bisques at about two glasses of port to a bisque settles the thing. There are times, of course, when he comes unstuck, such as when, after a carefully concocted billiards match over dinner, he bought his opponent a

With all that has been written on racing little or nothing has been said on the absorbing subject of gambling or betting from which latter the sport is inseparable. For the purposes of this brochure betting as opposed to gambling is the science of backing one's opinion, knowledge, observation, and skill at odds which one considers to be in one's favour. Gambling is the process of wagering on matters entirely of luck or the law of averages (whichever you like to call it) at odds which are

large cigar and a second drink, took off his coat, chalked his cue, and gave a miss in baulk, from which his opponent ran clean out, and, pocketing his winnings, hurried off to a spurious date. A good bridge player, he is credited with having invented the Smith Convention, now in pretty general use but worth perhaps restating for beginners. "A," looking at his hand, a collection of all the losers in the pack, remarks, "I've only got twelve cards."

His partner then has two alternatives. If his hand is very strong he says, "Mine are all right, count again," when "A" recounts and finds he has thirteen. If the partner is weak he says, "I've got fourteen," and both throw their hands in for a fresh deal. It is an odd thing that the human race has an inherent desire to bet with the dice loaded against them. The trainer who has a good touch over a race has a cut at the Stock Exchange, of which he knows nothing, while the shrewd financier from the City, who knows nothing of horses, will speculate largely on a race on the unsupported word of someone else who probably knows less. They have not yet bred a hairdresser who doesn't bet. Few men would bet to any extent on the spin of a coin, an absolutely even money chance, but a green baize table in the rooms is too rich for the blood of 75 per cent., and they will cheerfully lay any odds against themselves demanded by the laws of the Casino, they will pay ten times the price for a drink, and finish by giving the croupier, who comes to his work in an *Hispaño*, enough to keep a working-class family for a month.

Originally betting on horse-racing and horse-racing itself was private, the result of an argument between two owners as to the respective merits of their favourites. Even so far back as the days of the Roman Games, however, if the film of *Ben Hur* can be believed, there were men with satchels, exact prototypes of the present day, leaning over the members' rails ready to take the odds on the event for three-year-old maiden lions and unarmed Christians, or to bet at rather less than evens in running whether thumbs would be up or down. The film cannot, however, be entirely trustworthy, as one sees the hero, one of the chosen race, refuse 2 to 1 about his chariot and insist on taking evens, and leopards don't change their spots even in all these years.

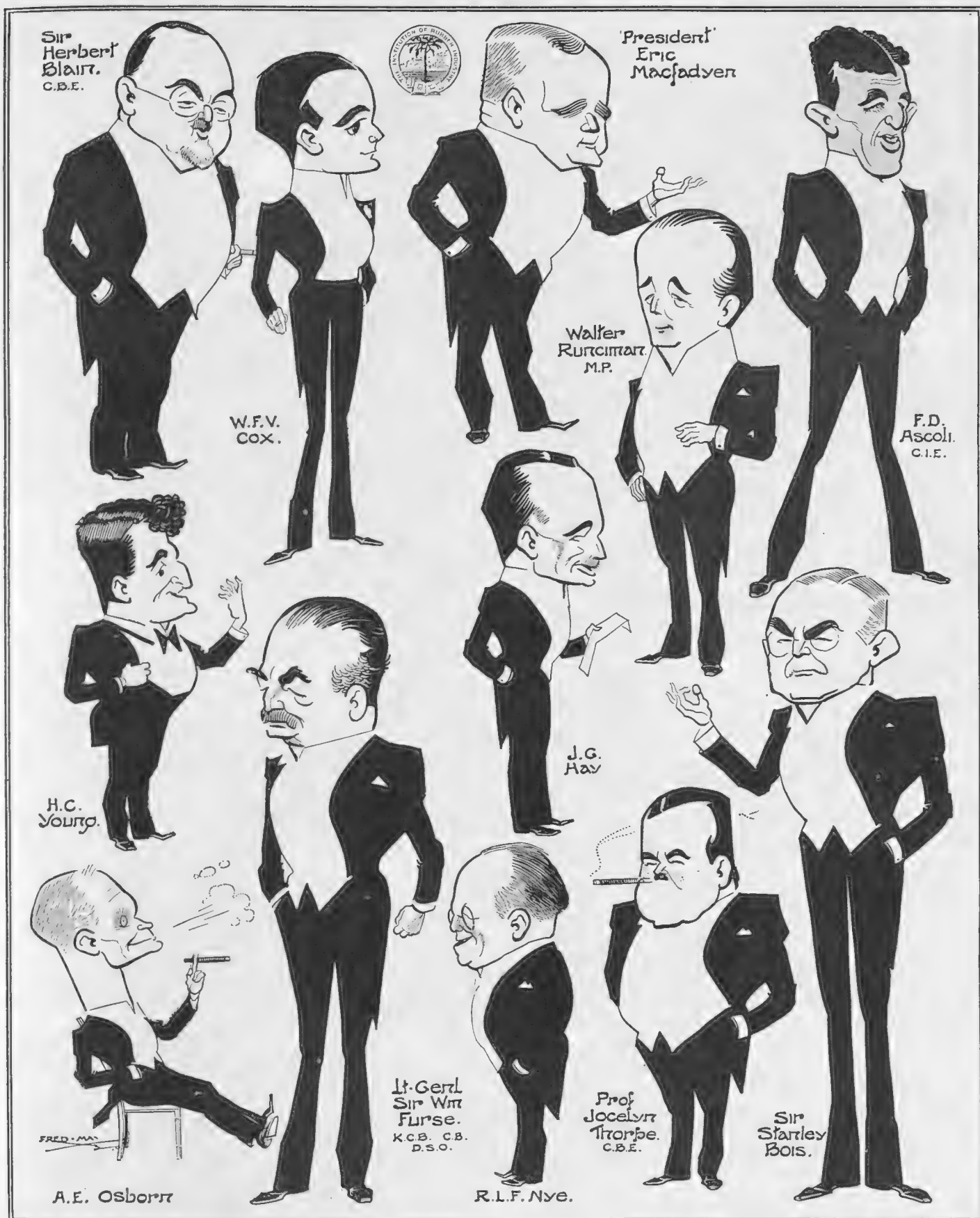
Betting, gambling, and wagering are as deeply instinctive in 90 per cent. of the human race as breathing and eating, and in one form or another the world wouldn't go round very fast without it. Certainly the number of horse-lovers who would keep and breed thoroughbred horses merely to see which was the fastest would be regrettably small and the attendance infinitesimal, so the sin of betting is largely counteracted by the stimulus to racing.



AT YORK: LADY GRIMTHORPE AND THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND

On Gimcrack Day, when Lord Ellesmere's filly, Four Course, earned her owner the privilege of making the principal speech at the famous dinner. Lord Zetland is a Steward of the Jockey Club. Lady Grimthorpe was formerly Miss Mary Archdale

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY DINNER



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT—BY FRED MAY

The annual dinner of the Institute of the Rubber Industry was held at the Criterion, the President, Mr. Eric Macfadyen, being in the chair, and well supported by Sir Stanley Bois, the Vice-President, and Mr. A. E. Osborn, the Vice-Chairman of the London section. Mr. Eric Macfadyen is Chairman of the Rubber Growers' Association, and is the ex-Member for Devizes. In his earlier days he served as a Trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and is an ex-President of the Oxford Union. The Right Hon. Walter Runciman proposed the toast of the Institution, and the President replied, and uttered words of hope when he announced that the industry continues to grow in spite of the set-back of the general slump, which is only temporary. Sir Stanley Bois, who is a director of many tea and rubber companies, spent many years in Ceylon, and is a former Chairman of the Ceylon Chamber of Commerce. Sir Herbert Blain, who proposed "Our Guests," is Chairman of the West of England section of the Institution, and Lieut.-General Sir William Furse, Director of the Imperial Institute, replied



CAPTAIN JACK RANDELL OF THE
"I'M ALONE"

Captain Randell has written a real life thriller of the adventures of his ship, the "I'm Alone," and himself, in their encounter with the U.S. Revenue cutters who sank the "I'm Alone," even though she was outside the three-mile limit. The allegation was that she was a rum-runner. The book is being published by Jonathan Cape

of years. It was a blow, moreover, which seemed to knock something other than Youth out of the heart. It was a blow which was, at the same time, a terrible revelation—such a terrible revelation that man's very soul seemed to be crushed. Nor has time eased the hurt. Nothing, perhaps, can ever ease the hurt. It has made men and women of the War generation "old" though still in the prime of life. Not old, of course, in the selfish, narrow, egotistical kind of way, but "old" in that terrible yet sublime wisdom which comes only after we have known all the sorrow and all the sad beauty which goes to make up the life of the heart—the heart, that is, which is capable of feeling sadness; of the soul which is capable of realizing how much terrible beauty lies as a rich pall over the hidden sorrows of the world. Sometimes I think that in almost every life there comes one moment so fraught with tears that for ever afterwards the mind can take in no deeper or more poignant impression. That the soul has touched rock-bottom and for nevermore can suffer so acutely again. It is the moment when, sometimes at last and at length, we are grown up. Until it occurs, if ever it does occur—and sometimes it doesn't seem to—there remains a territory within the soul which is undeveloped, which is infantine. You can see it in the lives of selfish people, of men who have been too successful and have found this success their only ideal in life; of women who have thought only of themselves; of young people who have never been through the mill of experience to grasp the deeper meaning of understanding. It is only after this oft-times hidden crisis in the life of a man's soul that he comes, sadly yet grandly, into the full kingdom of his being. Sometimes the more selfish and egotistical are made bitter thereby, but the majority emerge finer men, with clearer vision, greater tolerance, wiser in that only wisdom which is worth while—the wisdom which comes from real sorrow, real pity; wisdom which has within it something of that peace which is akin to happiness. It is the most profound revelation of life. And the War was for most of us such a revelation. It has placed a chasm of knowledge between the pre-War generation and the post-War generation which neither can ever bridge. Between those who have known and have remembered, and those who have never known and so possess no understanding of remembrance, there can be no mutual sanctuary. In Sir Philip Gibbs' new volume of short stories, "The Wings of Adventure" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), remembrance lies heavy upon it. A post-War generation of readers will doubtless refer to his sentiment as if it were a quality akin to being old-fashioned.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

War's Unseen Aftermath.

I WONDER why the expression "Hit by the War" always implies that somebody's income received the "knock-out"? As a matter of fact, the War delivered a far deeper, more subtly effective blow at many people's happiness than ever can be implied by a reduction of income. It was a blow delivered at people's hearts, at their imagination; a blow from which they have never, nor ever can, recover. And it separates them from the generation which sprang up after the War far more, infinitely far more, than a mere passage

Most of the stories deal with soldiers who went through the War, but none of them reflect the attempt at stark realism which is chiefly associated with War books. One guesses that the brutality and beastliness which belonged to the War—and which, alas! make the War thrilling for those who only like to read about it, and only when the descriptions are particularly brutal and beastly—still remain such a horrible memory in the mind of Sir Philip that his soul instinctively revolts against such remembrance. On the other hand, a deeper, a more sorrowful, a more poignant, perhaps a more real and more beautiful memory, remains behind, though from the point of view of the War book reader it is totally without thrill. It is the memory of fine characters as opposed to brothels; of unsung deeds of self-sacrifice, as opposed to grouches' whines; of that blow to men's souls which was War, as opposed to righteous indignation merely against brass hats. In one story, perhaps, the story entitled "The Soul of Honour," his sentiment does verge upon sentimentality. One can scarcely feel much pity for the young idealistic officer who gave up his career in England and the woman he loved to marry the daughter of an estaminet-keeper with whom he had had one night of intimacy, and who (so she said) had borne him a child. On the other hand, the story called "The Provençal Dancers" is charming; though not so charming as the one called "Aunt Kate and Queen Victoria"—a romantic episode in the author's own family. But all the stories are interesting. The tale of poor, middle-aged Miss Jenkins of Lille, who harboured an escaped prisoner of War in her bedroom (I wonder if the story be a true one?) especially so. Briefly I think that everybody other, perhaps, than the more determined "bright young things," will enjoy this book.

Potted Leacock.

In fact I think that were I going on my holiday I would take along with me "The Wings of Adventure," just as I would certainly take with me "The Leacock Book" (The Bodley Head. 5s.), Mr. Ben Travers' selection of the best bits from the books of Stephen Leacock. And what memories of laughter the selection revives. Sometimes only memories, alas, because of course most of it consists of curtailments of the whole, and the whole was such an unmitigated joy, as you well remember. Still the bits are the best bits, especially if you recollect something of their omitted context. If you do not yet know your Leacock, it is difficult to say if you would find these extracts as amusing as you should. The task, perhaps, was an impossible one, seeing that the humour and wit of Stephen Leacock is more than a matter of aphorisms. But I am sorry for the man who knows him not if these extracts do not send him helter-skelter to the nearest bookshop to demand the whole nineteen volumes from which the present one has been compiled. Others, for whom the Leacock books are among the



Lenore

MARGARET KENNEDY (MRS. DAVID DAVIES)

The famous authoress of "The Constant Nymph," first in novel form, then as a play in collaboration with Mr. Basil Dean. "Red Sky at Morning," and "Come with Me," the play, are two more of Margaret Kennedy's works. In 1925 she married Mr. David Davies, who is at the Bar

(Cont. on p. 434)

"A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN . . ."

By George Belcher



"That Isaacs yas such a nuisance, vy, 'e might 'ave been a relation"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

joys of life, will remember what has of necessity been left out and so laugh the louder at what has been reprinted. In any case, Mr. Ben Travers' "Introduction" is one of the best of its kind I have ever read, since—is there anything more difficult than to introduce a humorist humorously? But of course Stephen Leacock is so much more than a humorist, he is a philosopher, a critic, an observer of life who uses humour as a medium for his philosophy, criticism, and observations. There is no one quite like him and no one quite so good. In the modern library of humour he stands almost, if not quite, alone.

Milder Holiday Books.

Do women read murder stories? I wonder. It is very rarely that you see one in any woman's hands. Maybe women are too grown-up to revel in purely simulated excitement. The "child" in man responds gladly to the appeal of stealthy foot-steps and death-rattles. Women are more interested in love I suppose. Or shall we say every-day life? Every-day life with a touch of the fairy story about it. So here comes May Christie with "Jane Steps Out" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), a good novel for the plainer reader on holiday. Jane reaped a far nicer harvest at the end than she deserved, however. Indeed, I never cared for her very much, finding her self-opinionated, self-satisfied; an ultimate nuisance about the house I should imagine. She came from the provinces to create for herself an advertising career in London, discarding Jim Drummond, her fiancé, *en route* for this big adventure. Being of the prettiness of all heroines she found her career cut out for her almost from the beginning. Jim, in the meanwhile tried to piece together his broken heart by pretending to fall in love with Norma Wayne, an artist. A few quarrels, however, soon disillusionized him, though thanks to Norma he had got a good position in the firm of a London solicitor. Whereupon he falls in again with Jane only to find that her business and his business draw them so far apart that married life only seemed to begin when they went to bed and left off when they got up in the morning. They parted. However, Jim joined a rival firm of advertising agents, and thanks to a motor accident, he and Jane not only came together once again, but the two firms for which they worked also amalgamated. Well, well. "Grayson's Girl" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), by Katherine Tynan, is also about business, and the romance in it is almost overwhelmed by the good works to which Rose gave her life from the accumulation of the business profits. William Peters is the owner of one of London's largest shops, whose friend, Simon Grayson, struggles on after the War in an effort to make a small drapery business pay its way and a bit over. Simon offered his friend a partnership, but Grayson refused the offer. However, they will remain friends, and Simon's daughter, Rose, is born at the magnificent mansion owned by the Peters in Hampstead. Simon dreamed of multiple shops, "Grayson et Fille," all over the English-speaking world. Shops wherein every employee is not only justly, but generously, treated. This happens. So when Rose grows up she devotes herself to convalescent homes and every possible benefit by which capitalism

can help labour to live happily and safely without capital. Indeed, so copious is her philanthropy that the story becomes often rather like a "Dream of Good Works." But there is a plot, nevertheless, though it rambles about at times somewhat aimlessly. The kindliness of the tale, nevertheless, makes us forgive its shortcomings in sustained romantic interest. The milk of human kindness overflows from every page, and as in all stories, it flows into the most praiseworthy receptacles. Ideals can work out very beautifully in books.

Good Gossip.

"Kings, Courts, and Society" (Jarrolds. 18s.), by a gentleman who signs himself with five multi-coloured points of interrogation, is just the kind of book which you might expect from such a title and such an anonymity. It is a volume of excellent club gossip. And as gossip, say what you will, is always pleasant to listen to, so this book is always readable, just because it is written gossip. King Edward and those who surrounded him are the first subjects—kindly treated for the most part. A few ancient scandals, however, are touched on, but I could spare them all for the sake of reading Lord Charles Beresford's classic telegram to his late Majesty in response to an invitation: "Sorry, cannot accept invitation. Lie follows by post." But like all volumes of gossip, the most interesting victims have of necessity no names. One is the intimate friend of the late King Edward who eventually sunk so low that he actually had to beg in the streets. Who is he? The other and far more remarkable story is the tale of the peer's son who married, unknown to his parents, a daughter of working-people on whom he was billeted during the War. After he had gone to France the young wife received the news that another girl had fallen a victim to his charms and had given birth to a son. Whereupon the wife adopted this boy, and, thanks to this child whom she passed off as her own, the old Earl when he learnt of his son's marriage forgave him. He grew to love this child whom he believed to be his legitimate grand-child, and all was going



Artistically-minded Ship's Painter (to occupants of speed-boat): Hoi! wod'jer mean? dashing abaht spoilin' my brush-work"

well with the future inheritance when the real wife gave birth to a son. This meant that the rightful heir was deprived of his birthright and that the illegitimate son would inherit the title and fortune, unless of course the truth was revealed; a too dangerous possibility, however. It is true life-stories such as these which make the book really interesting, though chapters on the intimate side of royalty, leaders of Society, criminals, blackmailers, and some well-known people of a world before the War pan it out very agreeably. Without ever raking in the mud of the past the author avoids making his reminiscences insipid. He relates, moreover, quite a number of new anecdotes, though I wonder if the following is true: "Returning from the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, King Edward, then of course Prince of Wales, is said to have remarked *à propos* of the singing of the hymn, 'Eternal Father, strong to save,' 'They sing about the eternal Father, but what about my eternal mother?'" Doesn't it smack of the kind of remark which someone else made *for* him? It does to me.

MOUNT AND MAN AT THE KNOYLE VALE GYMKHANA



ONE OF THE COMPETITORS: MISS FELICITY BAILEY WITH HER MOTHER, LADY JANET BAILEY, AND HER BROTHER JAMES



THE JUDGES: (Left to right)—MR. T. GENGE, MAJOR ASTON, AND SIR HENRY HOARE

Way down West they have the good habit of getting up pony sports on all sorts of occasions. The particular event illustrated here, the Knoyle Vale Gymkhana, was organized to help the South and West Wilts Poultry and Wire Fund, and a nice sum for this estimable object was the result. One of the hits of the day was the pram-and-hat race. In this contest the lady galloped to her partner, and getting into his pram while he got into her hat was pushed home at top speed. Miss Diana Bell, the young daughter of Mr. Isaac Bell, M.F.H., took part in this event, and so did Miss Farquharson, the gymkhana's Hon. Sec. Sir Henry Hoare, one of the judges, is a familiar figure with the South and West Wilts, and lives at Stourhead. Lady Janet Bailey is Lord Inchcape's second daughter, and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton until February this year

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown



SWIFT PERAMBULATION: MR. J. BUTLER PROVIDES THE MOTIVE POWER FOR MISS DIANA BELL



MISS FARQUHARSON AND MR. M. LISTER IN THE PRAM - AND - HAT RACE



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY (right) HAS A WORD WITH MISS DIANA EDWARDS AND MRS. HARTLEY

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Air Accidents.

I refrained at first from commenting on the series of bad accidents that culminated in the crash near Maidstone, when six people were killed, because early rumours and reports about such accidents are so conflicting that little can be made of them. But now it is possible to review the situation calmly and to see if anything can be done to increase the safety of flying as a result of lessons learned in those accidents. Two of the accidents to smaller machines were due, according to the evidence, to aerobatics carried out near the ground. Aerobatics near the ground do act as a strict school of instruction in flying. There can be no stricter school, for a mistake often results in disaster. Undoubtedly the pilot who is accustomed to stunting near the ground is safer in an emergency near the ground than another pilot. He is familiar with the look of things, and is in practice at the judging of heights and speeds in those particular circumstances. But he buys this experience at too high a price. He can carry out aerobatics, and is advised to do so if he would become fully competent, but except in special circumstances he should carry them out at over 2,000 ft.

No More Regulations.

It will be difficult to stop low-stunting, and above all things the making of new regulations must be avoided. There are already too many regulations in flying as in everything else. People lose the habit of looking after themselves when they are nursed night and day by State or municipality. The air pilot should always insist upon being allowed to look after himself, and should decline all offers from the Air Ministry or anyone else to look after him. I would prefer to see many private owners killed through injudicious low-stunting than the surrender of their right to look after themselves. The first thing is the principle that the air pilot is responsible for himself and his passengers and not the Air Ministry or the Government or anyone else. But, accepting that principle and resisting all attempts to drag aviation into the law-and-regulation-hedged enclosure where the unfortunate motorist now resides, one must note that it still remains possible to discourage without prohibiting low aerobatics. Experienced pilots should set out to condemn all aerobatics unless they are performed at more than 2,000 ft. It should be impressed upon novices that when they carry out low aerobatics they are not demonstrating their skill (and indeed that is often true in more



OFFICERS OF THE 601ST COUNTY OF LONDON BOMBER SQUADRON

F. King & Co.

One of the units which was hotly engaged in the recent Blueland v. Redland war in which London, we were told, was totally destroyed. No. 601 Squadron is commanded by Sir Philip Sassoon, and it was one of the "Blue Colony" forces during the recent Air Exercises. The Squadron is said to include more private aeroplane owners than any other

The names in this group, left to right, are: Pilot-Officer P. Du Cane, Pilot-Officer A. C. M. Jackman, Flying-Officer N. Jones, Pilot-Officer Nigel Seely, Pilot-Officer Hon. G. R. Ward, Flying-Officer A. C. Haward, Flight-Lieutenant S. B. Collett, Flight-Lieutenant H. N. Thornton (Adjutant), Flight-Lieutenant J. J. Parkes, Flying-Officer Rupert Bellville, Flying-Officer Ian Murray, Flying-Officer J. Gillan (Assistant Adjutant), Pilot-Officer Hon. W. D. S. Montagu, Pilot-Officer B. S. Thynne, Pilot-Officer Loel Guinness, Flying-Officer R. G. Shaw, D.F.C., Flying-Officer W. Langdon

trouble. The pilot who feels confidence wishes—and it is natural that he should so wish—to prove his skill. How can he do so? If he learns to stunt and then comes low over the aerodrome and does his stunts there, he will be observed, and although he may receive a perfunctory reprimand from his instructor, he will probably carry his point and prove his ability. The standard of piloting should be judged on the basis advocated by Squadron-Leader Probyn, that is, on the basis of efficient straightforward flying. The best pilot is the pilot who, in a given number of hours, does the least damage to his aeroplane and engine.

Foreign and British Machines.

Stunting was not an element in the Meopham air disaster; indeed Colonel Henderson always condemned low stunting. But there is a feature of this accident which has been obscured in the general speculation as to its cause. The aeroplane was not British. It was a German Junkers. The Junkers aeroplanes are good machines, and their being involved in two of the most serious air accidents that have occurred in England is their misfortune and not their fault. At the same time, in

fairness to British manufacturers, who would never hear the last of it if one of their standard machines broke in the air, it is right to repeat and to go on repeating that the Meopham disaster involved a German and not a British aeroplane.

British aeroplanes are built to the most stringent strength requirements in the world. Airscrews have broken in British machines without collapse of any part of the main structure. In fact, failure of the main structure in British aircraft of standard design is almost unknown. British manufacturers and the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate have set a standard in aircraft strength which is the despair and envy of the rest of the world. No means is available for human beings to guard against accident; but so far as breakage in the air is concerned no one can ensure against it better than by flying exclusively in British aircraft. Let me repeat once more—the Meopham accident did not involve a British aeroplane but a German one.



AT SEA VIEW LAST WEEK

Chas. E. Brown

Major Savage, the famous airman and the inventor of sky-writing, his little daughter Sheila, Mrs. Savage, and Eric Roe, son of Sir A. V. Roe, of aircraft fame



MARY BY THE LILY POOL

Young Visitors

Mary and Savile Crossley with their indulgent "Grannie," Lady Somerleyton, at Somerleyton Hall



LADY SOMERLEYTON AND HER GRANDCHILDREN

When the camera visited Somerleyton Hall, near Lowestoft, not long ago, it was a silent witness to the excellent understanding which exists between Lady Somerleyton and Mary and Savile Crossley. These young persons, who are the children of Lord and Lady Somerleyton's elder son, Major the Hon. Francis Savile Crossley, find their grandmother an extraordinarily satisfactory hostess, for she is always prepared to exercise the special grandmotherly privilege of being very indulgent. Mary is four this year and has already learnt quite a lot about riding, which she thinks the greatest possible fun. Lord Somerleyton, a D.L. for Suffolk and concerned with much public work for his county, is also honorary secretary to King Edward VII. Hospital Fund. Lady Somerleyton is a daughter of the late General Sir Henry de Batho

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane



PRISCILLA IN PARIS



MLLE. MARCELLE DENYA—CHEZ ELLE

The famous French actress, who scored a very definite hit in the Parisian version of "Desert Song" at the Mogador. Mlle. Denya has a lovely voice and acts enchantingly—a rare thing sometimes in a prima donna

TRÈS CHER,—You have probably read X. Marcel Boulestin's last book, "Herbs, Salads, and Seasonings," a slim green volume that is full of philosophy and phood! In illustration of the well-known thrift of the French lower-classes he tells us the anecdote of the French chauffeur who, during a wait by the roadside for the breakdown gang, puts in his time searching for wild *pissenlit* in order to enjoy a dish of that salad with his evening meal. I was reminded of that story yesterday when I left Paris in order to return here. (Here being, of course, the Farm-on-the-Island.) I had stopped for petrol on the outskirts of Paris—for, despite the abolition of the *octroi* tax, petrol is still cheaper outside the city—when, in the midst of the third five-litres' worth, the petrol-pump-man suddenly let fly the handle of his machine and dashed round to the back of the station. The indignant yelps of a young dog were borne to me on the breeze . . . when I say breeze I am poetic, there was a hell-uv-a-wind-and-downpour on at the time!

Now, since it is certain that I love dogs better than anything (and almost anyone) on earth, it stands to reason that I was bound to investigate. I followed the P.P.M. (petrol-pump-man) into his holy of holies ("that same" bein' a Frenchman's home) and found him in a four-by-three-metre yard struggling with a five-month-old police pup and half-a-dozen chicks . . . well they were more than chicks, having reached a more fluttery stage than a fluffy one. The pup had broken loose from the barrel where he was housed and had managed to make a hole in the netting of the run, or the coop or the sty—or whatever one calls the parking-place for such volatile birds—and by the time I arrived the place resembled a completely disembowelled feather-bed.

The P.P.M. had his arms full of chicks, so I rescued the pup, who had been properly kicked and pecked, and restored him to his straw-lined barrel. We then counted the chicks and P.P.M. declared two missing. They could hop, could those birds, even though they could hardly fly. Regular Amy Johnsons so far as hopping went. We found one on top of a cupboard in the house and the other in the coal-scuttle. All this enabled me to see and admire the interior of that wee home tucked away at the back of a big firm's petrol station. The narrowest quarters imaginable but so spic and span. A place for everything—except when the pup intervened—a healthy baby sleeping stolidly in a big market-basket fitted with home-made rockers, a *pot-au-feu* simmering in one of those French pottery utensils known as *fait-tout* (do-all), in which one can cook every kind of dish. The wife—P.P.M. told me—was out marketing, but oh the neatness in which she had left that kitchen in the middle of the morning! Therefore, like Boulestin, I entirely remove my bonnet to the efficiency of the French in

these matters; a French house-wife is a wonderful creature and so is her husband.

Next day on the Island I had another peep into the domestic economy of this country. It was at a little village where I stopped for lunch. The humblest kind of commercial travellers' haunt, but again wonderfully clean. White oil-cloth on the table, sand on the well-scoured floors. The roughest benches and table-ware, and, for table-napkins, heavy hand-woven linen, perfectly bleached by the sun. The food was elaborate and the courses many. The travelling Frenchman likes variety and richness. But it was a clean richness made without grease; obviously only honest country butter had been used. All this, however, one finds in thousands of little villages of *la douce* France, but what I have never seen before was the youth of the serving-maids. They were mine host's daughters! Aged respectively nine and eleven. Checked cotton overalls, black-stockinged legs, round rosy faces from which their brown hair was strained back into neat pig-tails.

The deftness of those infants was incredible. They had an eye to everything. The fork that had dropped to the floor was replaced by a clean one. A doubtful tumbler was neatly whisked away by the elder sister with a shocked exclamation when the younger one was about to place it

on the table. When I refused rabbit stew they asked, with great concern, whether I would have an egg instead. This was not because I was a - lady - from - Paris - with - a - nice - car - and - dog - and - maid; they served my neighbour, a shirt-sleeved farm hand, and the various *commis-voyageurs* just as punctiliously, and offered jam to the travelling sales-lady who had refused the cheese. After the meal was over and they had cleared a way I caught sight of them swinging on a swing in the garden in high spirits. As I left mine host came out to ask if I was satisfied. . . . Need I say how warmly I congratulated him on his clever, useful children, and called him lucky amongst men. . . . "Lucky," he said, ". . . and what about them . . . learning a good job without having to even pay for their apprenticeship. It's they - that's - lucky!" !!! Can you beat it, Très Cher? —PRISCILLA.



MADAME MAURICE CHEVALIER

Better known on the French stage and now also on the flickers as Yvonne Vallée. She was her husband's dancing partner before their marriage, and has accompanied him on all his recent film-making expeditions to America

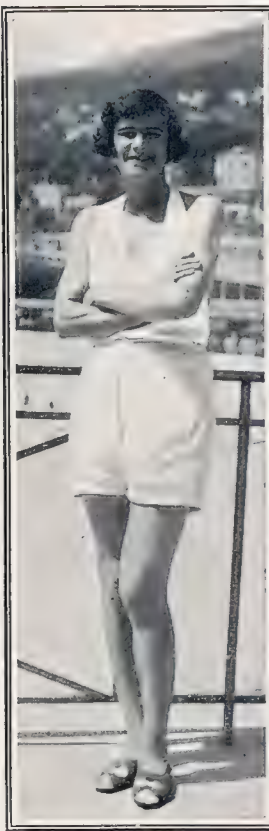
HOT-WEATHER HABITS IN FRANCE



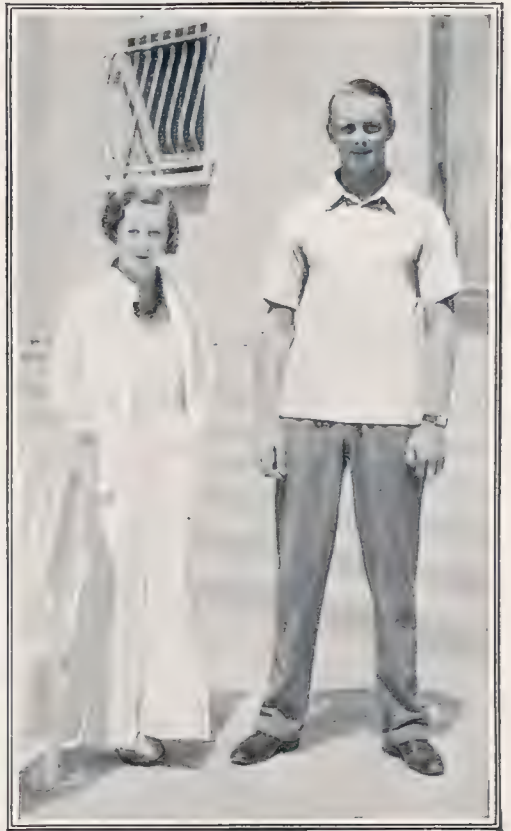
ADMIRAL SIR V. STANLEY AND MR. CLARENCE FRENCH AT MONTE CARLO



MADAME PIVA ON THE PLAGE AT MONTE



MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND HER BEACH SUIT



LADY SEAFIELD AND HER HUSBAND, MR. HERBERT, AT CAP FERRAT



ON THE POURVILLE SANDS: MRS. VICTOR CHETWYND AND LIEUT.-COL. SMALLWOOD



DECORATING MONTE: THE MISSES GLASS-POOL, FARMER, COURTENAY, AND DEWHURST



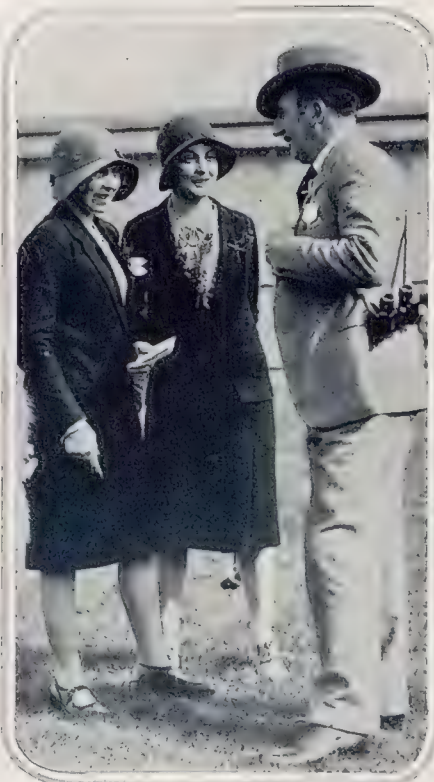
POLO, POURVILLE, AND THE HON. EILEEN HOOD

As will be seen, most of these pleasant pictures come from Monte Carlo, which, like so many other Riviera rendezvous, has now firmly established itself as a summer resort. Beach activities are the main ones, and Fashion has surpassed herself this year in producing suitably decorative outfits for sun or sea bathers. Mme. Piva, who was Mrs. Van Buren before her second marriage, was one of the most admired trousered figures, while Mrs. Satterthwaite, the well-known tennis player, preferred the greater freedom of shorts. Lady Seafield and her tall husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, have been occupying a charming little villa right on the edge of the sea at Cap Ferrat, but are now bound for the Lido. Admiral Sir Victor Stanley is the eldest of Lord Derby's six brothers. Riding in a bathing-suit cannot be one of the most comfortable methods of progression, but Mrs. Victor Chetwynd, Sir Guy Chetwynd's daughter-in-law, has included it among her occupations at Pourville, where Lord Bridport's only sister, Miss Hood, has been pursuing a polo ball with no little success.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE AT HURST PARK



LORD ROSEBERY, M.F.H., AND STANLEY WOOTTON



MISS NORAH WILMOT, MISS SYBIL HARE, AND MR. TOM WALLS



CAPTAIN J. V. BAILLIE AND MRS. DAWSON WAUGH



SIR WILLIAM AND LADY COOKE



COMMANDER TALBOT-PONSONBY AND MISS HELLIER



MISS FORD AND LORD ZETLAND

There was good racing both days at the recent Hurst Park meeting, and the heavy going on the first improved on the second. The weather was as spotty as it was elsewhere in this disgusting month of August. Lord Rosebery, who came down from the north, had one running in the most interesting race on the second day, the $1\frac{1}{4}$ -mile Richemount Stakes, which was thought to be a sitter for the Leger colt; Silver Flare, but Rameses the Second upset the 2 to 1 on betted about him, and the Leger looks a long way off Major Courtauld's colt. Stanley Wootton won a race on the first day with Prospice. Miss Sybil Hare, who is talking to the actor-trainer, is an owner and a very faithful follower of racing. Mrs. Dawson Waugh is the wife of the famous Newmarket trainer. Sir William Cooke ran his Knotweed both days, but it was down the course both times. Lord Zetland, who, like Lord Rosebery, is a Steward of the Jockey Club, had a winner on the first day, his Hindustan getting home in the Maze Plate. There is a reminiscent touch about the naming of this colt as Lord Zetland used to govern Bengal, and some people are certain that he would be an excellent man to govern India and put that untidy house in order.



LADY MURRAY AND THE HON. BRENDA PEARSON



LORD AND LADY PONSONBY

LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING AT COWDRAY

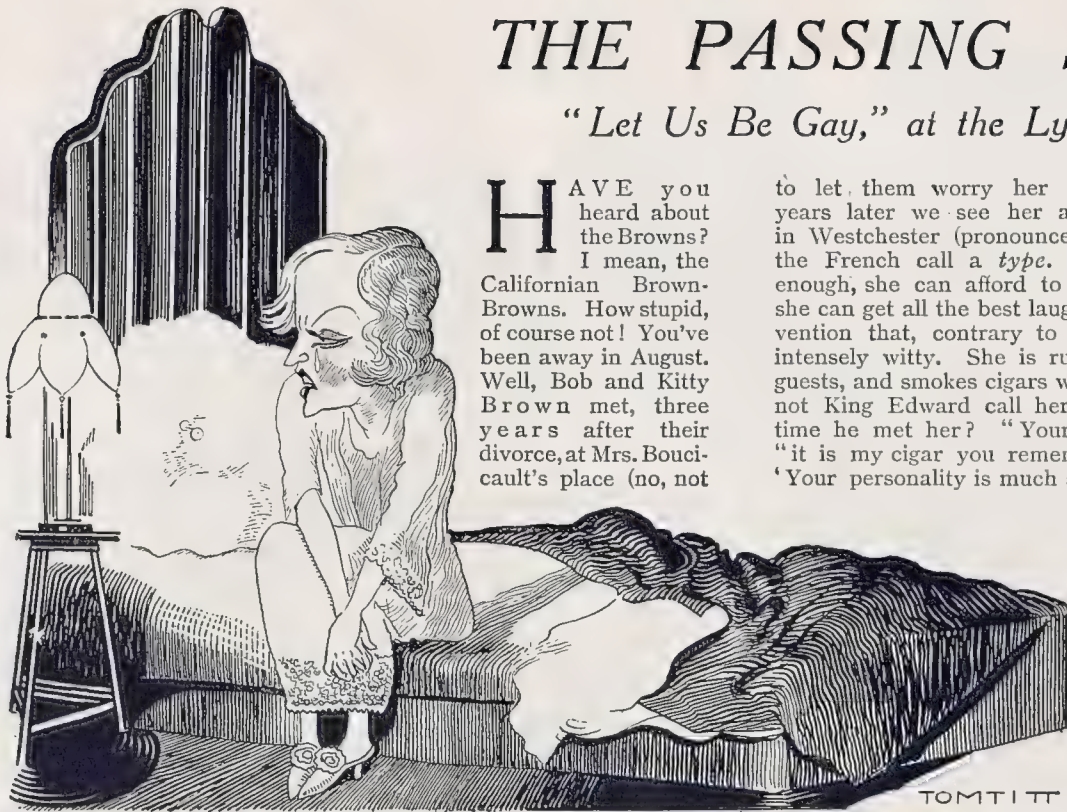


MR. AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE ANTHONY MURRAY

The big Society event of last week was the wedding of the Hon. Angela Pearson, Lord and Lady Cowdray's second daughter and the twin sister of the heir, the Hon. Weetman Pearson, to Mr. George Anthony Murray, the only son of Sir Evelyn and Lady Murray and a kinsman of the Duke of Atholl. It was one of the prettiest and most picturesque weddings ever, and took place in the old twelfth-century Church of St. Mary at Easebourne, just outside the gates of Cowdray Park. Guests came from north, south, east, and west, and a special train from Victoria brought down a large detachment from London. The flowers in the church were a triumph in the way of an artistic colour scheme—yellow gladioli and tiger lilies—and the bridesmaids' beautiful frocks of yellow net and wreaths of autumn-tinted leaves toned in. The ten bridesmaids were the Hon. Nancy, the Hon. Brenda, and the Hon. Daphne Pearson (sisters of the bride), Miss Veronica and Miss Lavinia Pearson (cousins of the bride), Miss Joan Pearson, the Hon. Judith Denman (cousins), Miss Susan Roberts, and Miss Damaris Babington (cousins of the bridegroom), and Miss Lavender Christie-Miller

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Let Us Be Gay," at the Lyric Theatre



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS KITTY

The lady who, after having divorced her husband for flirting, by a freakish turn of the wheel is commissioned by old Mrs. Boucicault (Miss Helen Haye) to ride her own husband off the old lady's somewhat two amorous grand-daughter. Kitty succeeds most admirably because it results in her marrying her discarded spouse all over again

HAVE you heard about the Browns? I mean, the Californian Brown-Browns. How stupid, of course not! You've been away in August. Well, Bob and Kitty Brown met, three years after their divorce, at Mrs. Boucicault's place (no, not

to let them worry her while she goes to Paris. Three years later we see her at Mrs. Boucicault's country house in Westchester (pronounced as spelt). Now Mrs. B. is what the French call a *type*. Being a septuagenarian and rich enough, she can afford to be eccentric. And being in a play, she can get all the best laughs; for it is an accepted stage convention that, contrary to real life, elderly ladies are always intensely witty. She is rude to the servants, blunt with her guests, and smokes cigars which give her personality. For did not King Edward call her by her Christian name the second time he met her? "Your Majesty," Mrs. Boucicault relates, "it is my cigar you remember, not me. 'No,' said the King. 'Your personality is much stronger than your cigar.'" It is a

little blatant for English audiences, but doubtless goes well in America.

But although Mrs. Boucicault has met everyone and done everything connoted by the term "a woman of the world," it does not strike her that the alluring Mrs. Brown whom she has met on her travels can be related to the Bob Brown who is getting to know her grand-daughter too well. That's the worst of the common family of the unhyphenated Browns.

Bob Brown is already a guest at Westchester when Kitty Brown arrives. In fact he is the reason for Kitty's invitation. For Mrs. Boucicault having noted Kitty's



MISS CECILY BYRNE

As Madge Livingston, one of the attendant decorations to the story and an entertaining bit of character-drawing of one of the very modern brigade

with three "c's," dear) down in Westchester, which being in America, is pronounced as spelt, and not "Wister" or "Wum." But their hostess did not know they used to be related by marriage, and was very surprised when Tallulah Bankhead—but that is the worst of putting on a new play in August; one must begin at the beginning.

If you are a Tallulah-fan you will arrive punctually at curtain-rise for *Let Us Be Gay* at the Lyric. For Miss Bankhead is discovered, or uncovered, or whatever the right term is for this electric lady, sobbing over her best nightie in bed. Bob, her husband, tries to assure her that he loves her as much as ever; that THAT woman means no more to him than an extra cocktail or words to that effect. But Kitty has her principles. So she retains the custody of the children and sufficient alimony not

technique in these matters ("My dear, the way you took that Russian away from the Italian princess in Venice!"), asks her to do the same with grand-daughter. "I've got to keep Deirdre from going to the dogs until the first of October," she announces bluntly to Kitty. That is the day fixed for grand-daughter's wedding to a nice youth of her own age, and not the opening date for Harringay's winter season.

This would seem, on the face of it, easy game to Kitty after the Italian princess. So she thinks until she meets the man in question, and realizes that he is her ex-husband. But she has not been an alimony-lady for three years for nothing—if you will pardon the paradox—and she carries off the situation with aplomb. "Your face is rather familiar, Mr. Brown," she says, "I wish we had met before. How magnificent you long-legged Americans are."

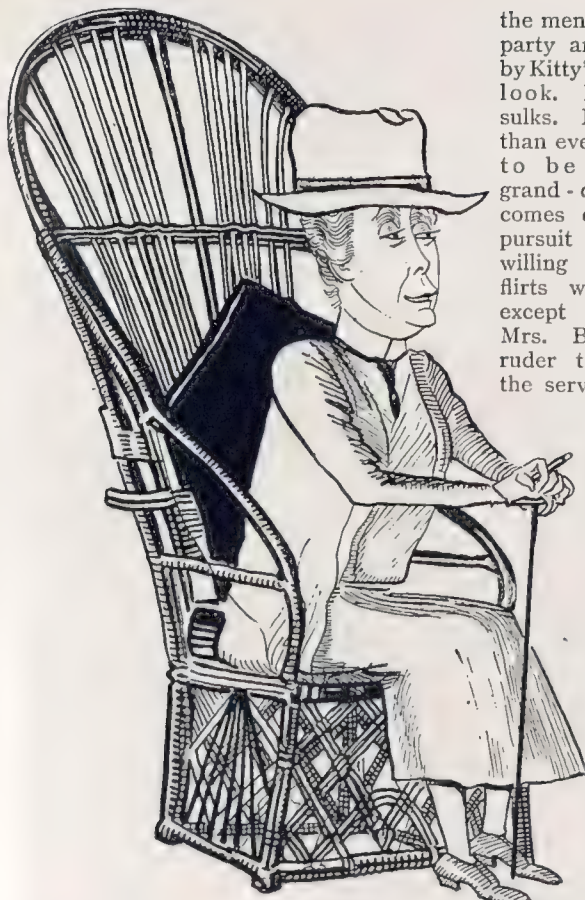
So Bob Brown, who, it is soon made clear, has been faithful to his Cynara Brown in his fashion during all these years, is compelled to keep up the irksome deception so that the play can run its three acts. All



TOMTIT

MR. FRANCIS LISTER

As Townley Town, who describes himself as a "professional visitor" and adds greatly to the gaiety of the amusing story of "Let Us Be Gay" at the Lyric



MRS. BOUCICAULT (MISS HELEN HAYE)

Wearing the funny hat in the third Act, which sent the gallery into hysterics. The small cigar also had a big success

First comes Townley, the "professional guest." His love-making on the balcony is interrupted by mosquitoes. Then Wallace Grainger, the poet. His last stanza is interrupted by Bob. And Bob himself is interrupted by the eagerly pursuant Deirdre, who accuses Kitty of not playing the game according to local rules. Deirdre, bless her young more or less innocent heart, says it is not done in Westchester for a guest to steal the gentleman friend of the hostess's daughter. Kitty only laughs in let-us-be-gay fashion. And Bob stands strongly silent, remembering his Kipling:

If she have spoken a word,
Remember thy lips are seal'd,
For the brand of the dog is upon him
By whom is the secret revealed.

the men in the house-party are captivated by Kitty's come-hither look. Mr. Brown sulks. Deirdre, more than ever determined to be a modern grand-daughter, becomes crude in her pursuit of the unwilling Bob. Kitty flirts with everyone except Bob. And Mrs. Boucicault is ruder than ever to the servants because she cannot understand why her plan is not working.

There is another bedroom scene, or rather a semi-demi one, on the balcony of Kitty's bedroom—one of those nice Virginian "barl-cohnies" approached by wisteria-covered steps, and several other bedrooms lead on to it.

In the cold light that beats upon the breakfast bacon, Kitty at last admits that she and Bob are related by alimony. I strongly suspect that in the film of *Let Us Be Gay* the children are dragged in to take a hand in the reconciliation. In the play there is no apparent reason save that all plays must end. One found it quite sufficient excuse in this case.

As Kitty Brown, Miss Tallulah Bankhead found plenty of scope for her restless methods, and almost as many opportunities to wear new frocks and charming *négligé* as to satisfy even the most exacting of her dishevelled worshippers up aloft. Miss Bankhead's enunciation is always curious. But what she lacked in audibility she most decoratively made up in visibility. As Mrs. Boucicault, Miss Helen Haye, though hardly quite as vehement as the part seemed to suggest, pointed the lines with some of her own decided personality. Mr. Arthur Margetson as Bob was as stolidly reliable as any British Brown would have been in the same trying circumstances, and Mr. Francis Lister was pleasantly cynical as a professional guest without any illusions. It is rarely that the critics are given a chance of seeing the talkie version of a play immediately after they have seen the stage one, and, personally, I did not; but those who did found the film flat and colourless, though Miss Norma Shearer and Miss Marie Dressler, as Kitty and Mrs. Boucicault, got all the value possible out of their parts.

J. B. P.



THE MALE VAMP AND THE INGÈNU

Kitty Brown is co-opted by old Mrs. Boucicault to lure Bob (Mr. Arthur Margetson) away from her grand-daughter Deirdre (Miss Joan Matheson), and it works only too well as Bob and Kitty, who have been divorced, fall in love all over again



AS THE FILM DID "LET US BE GAY"

MR. ROD LA ROQUE

MISS MARIE DRESSLER

MISS NORMA SHEARER

Rod La Roque talking, Marie Dressler putting it over at the audience, and Norma Shearer talking again in a scene between the innocent husband and his erring wife and the volcanic great-grandmother. The critics went on to see the film version of "Let Us Be Gay" at the Empire immediately after the play. The stage production won all along the line



AT ADARE MANOR IN COUNTY LIMERICK

A recent house-party at Lord and Lady Dunraven's Irish home. In front Lady Dunraven, H.E. the Governor-General of the Free State and Mrs. McNeill, and Lord Dunraven; standing—Lord and Lady Osborne Beauclerk, Lady Dunalley, Colonel Charteris of Cahir Park, Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, Mrs. Charteris, and Lord Dunalley. Adare Manor is a most attractive house close to the River Maigue. A nine-hole golf course is also near at hand. Lord Osborne Beauclerk is the Duke of St. Albans' half-brother, and Lord Dunalley owns Kilboy in County Tipperary

Frank O'Brien

SOCIAL DOINGS

Left: Colonel P. Carew, Miss Deacon, and Lady Mount Edgcumbe at the South Devon children's pony show and gymkhana held at Yelverton. Lady Mount Edgcumbe is intensely interested in horse-breeding, and frequently wins in the show ring. She was President of this very successful undertaking, and Colonel Carew was Honorary Treasurer



A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BOY

Lady Ebrington handing the first prize to Nicholas Carew, the best rider under thirteen at the children's pony show at Yelverton. There were 115 competitors and over three hundred entries, most of them real good-lookers. Little Miss Clapham (on the right) had her brother as fare when she conducted a diminutive hansom cab during the gymkhana



THE BRAVE AND THE "FARE": HANDSOME IS AS HANSOM DOES

A "TATLER" FASHION

"The Tatler" will publish every Month an original Fashion Design by Gordon Conway suitable for the Season.



An ensemble for early Autumn. A coat-frock in light woollen material trimmed in two shades of grey astrakan. The collar and cuffs are of white satin, and two box-pleats trim the skirt. The hat is of three shades of felt. The bag is doeskin with a silver and gun-metal trimming

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HONEYDEW

GOOD LUCK TO OUR POLO TEAM!



AN IMPRESSION OF AN INTERNATIONAL TRIAL

When this appears our International Polo Team, one of the strongest and best-mounted we have ever sent into 'battle as is believed, will be busy having the final polish put on it in Long Island. These pictures are of the trial match, in which the team as it is now settled was practically in shape, and the Blues (International) won against a strong side which included Mr. L. L. Lacey, our now selected back, by 8 to 6. The Blues on this occasion were: Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back). All these players are now in America plus, of course, Mr. L. L. Lacey and Captain C. H. Tremayne (England's captain), and Mr. H. P. Guinness



WAITING ("Mad")

By Tremaine

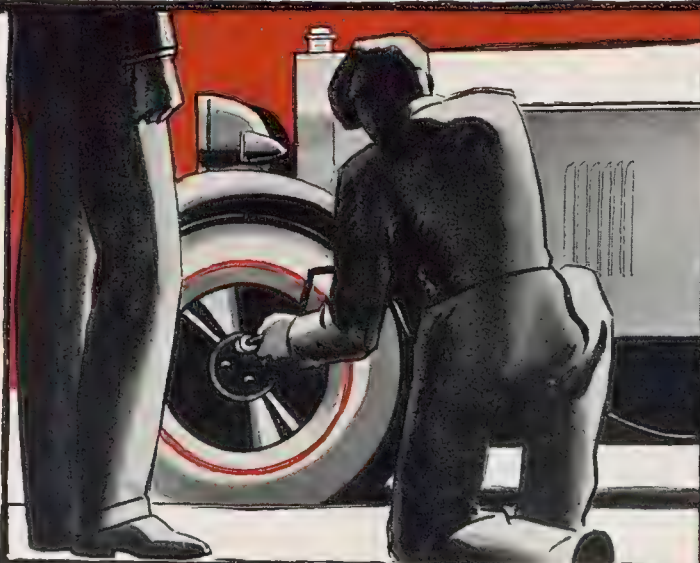


Madame Butterfly")

y Tremator

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A FORCE FROM FRANT



AMONGST THOSE WE NOTICE (AT ANY RACE MEETING)

MAJOR "BUCK" BARCLAY, MR. BOYD DAVIS AND J. DOBIE, MR. TOM WALLS, AND MR. H. E. STEEL

Mr. "Boydie" Davis was practically an unknown quantity to the racing public until a few years ago when he turned out Dark Lantern II to win the French Guineas and several races in England. He trains on his private grounds at Frant, Sussex, and has won several good races this season. Ecilath is one of his star performers, and J. Dobie, who is the stable jockey, comes from South Africa. There is much rejoicing down Tunbridge Wells way whenever any of "Boydie's" good things come off

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY



SOME OF THE FILM'S BRIGHTEST
AND BESTIRENE DUNNE—FOR "DIXIANA" AND
MANY OTHER NEW FILMSIN "DEAD GAME": RICHARD DIX AND
MARY LAWLOR

Norma Shearer's picture in this page is of special interest because she is the heroine Kitty in the film version of "Let Us Be Gay," in which Tallulah Bankhead is playing that part in the play which is now at the Lyric, and has two bedroom scenes. The film, as all talkies must, lacks the attraction of the personal touch of the stage, but Norma Shearer has a good personal success. She has just become a proud mother, as she has presented her husband, Mr. Irving Thalberg, with a son and heir. Mr. Irving Thalberg is a well-known film director. "Dead Game," in which Richard Dix and Mary Lawlor are starring, has nothing to do with grouse, but is said to be a "sure 'nough" American thriller, the kind of film which suits Richard Dix, who has won laurels in "Moran of the Marines," "Shanghai Bound," and a lot more of the same genre. Irene Dunne, who is a Radio star, is one of the rising younger brigade, and has a lot of contracts coming to her so they say



NORMA SHEARER WITH AN ARMFUL

THE AUTUMN SEASON IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND



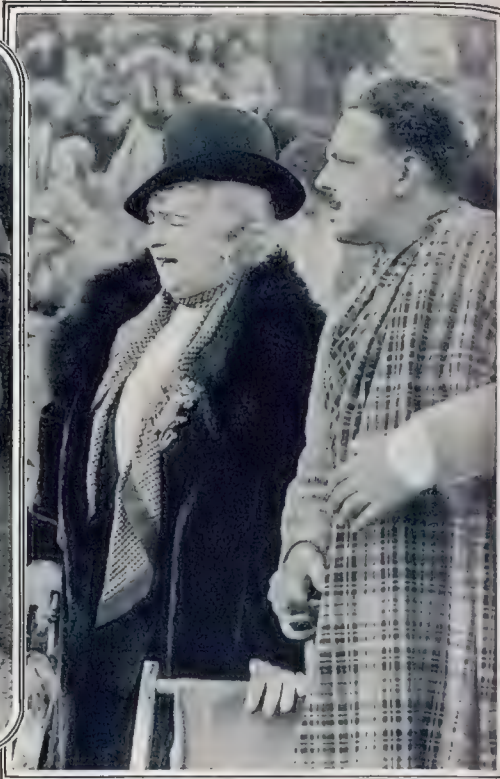
Mitchell Laing

AT CARESTON: LADY FORRES AND MR. SHAW ADAMSON OF CARESTON CASTLE



Walter Brydon

IN ROXBURGHSHIRE: LORD DALKEITH, LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT, LADY DALKEITH, LORD ESKDAILL, AND SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER



Wilson Laing

AT GLENISLA: THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF AIRLIE AND THE EARL OF AIRLIE



Poole, Dublin

IN COUNTY DOWN: LORD AND LADY DUNLEATH'S HOUSE PARTY

L. to R.: Miss Joan Saunderson, Mr. Peter Evelyn, Miss Stanley-Clarke, Miss Nora Caulfield, and the Hon. Claude Phillimore

L. to R.: The Hon. Henry Mulholland, M.P., the Marquess of Clydesdale, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mulholland, Master John Saunderson and his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson

Highland Games, fêtes political and otherwise, crowd the fixture list north of the Tweed and fill in any gaps between grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and "gowf." Mr. William Shaw Adamson owns Careston Castle, Angus, where a garden fête was held, and Lady Forres, who is in the picture with him, is the wife of Lord Forres and was formerly the Hon. Freda Herschell. Lord and Lady Dalkeith and their children and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister were at the Roxburgh and Selkirkshire Conservative Fête which was held at Sunderland Hall, the seat of the Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirk, Major C. H. Scott-Plummer. Lord Dalkeith is the member for Roxburgh and Selkirk. Lord and Lady Airlie were Mr. Clynes' hosts during the recent interesting Royal event at Glamis. Lord and Lady Dunleath gave their house party at Ballywater, Co. Down, for the Ulster T.T. Race, and of those in these two groups of their guests, Miss Saunderson is daughter of Captain John and the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson and grand-daughter of Lord Dunleath, the Hon. Henry Mulholland, M.P., is the Speaker of the House of Commons in Northern Ireland, the Marquess of Clydesdale is the Duke of Hamilton's heir, and Mrs. Saunderson a daughter of Lord and Lady Dunleath



MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER

The latest portraits of the beautiful wife of Mr. Gerard D'Erlanger, who will be best remembered perhaps by her countless admirers as Miss Edythe Baker, that marvellous young American pianiste who has so often delighted London audiences. Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger is a daughter-in-law of the Baroness D'Erlanger and a sister-in-law of Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger and of the Princess Faucigny-Lucinge

Photograph by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street





GONE TO HOLLYWOOD—THE SISTERS "G"

After touring most of the continental centres as a dancing turn, and scoring successes in Berlin and Paris in particular, the sisters were absorbed by Hollywood, and were starred in a sound and colour film called "King of Jazz"

THE minister advertised for a man to make himself generally useful, and one evening a young man called on him.

"Well," said the minister, "can you clean windows?"

"I expect so," said the young man with some surprise.

"Are you good at garden work?"

"Fairly."

"Can you wash dishes and polish silver?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the young man, "is it as bad as that?"

"As bad as what?" asked the minister.

"Well," exclaimed the other, "I am going to get married and I came to ask you to publish the banns."

* * *

A tradesman called to see the landlady of a boarding-house to ask if she knew the income of one of the young men who lodged there. "Well," she said, "I should say that his average income is about three o'clock in the morning."

* * *

Here is another story from "My Countrymen." "A typical Irish remark is given by the author. A discussion was in progress why, according to the actuaries, there is very little change in the expectation of life between the ages of sixty-five and seventy. As one member saw the problem it presented no difficulty:

"It stands to reason if ye live to sixty-five ye're more likely to live longer than if ye died before that," he remarked."

* * *

The prisoner was on trial on a charge of burglary. He protested his innocence and pleaded an alibi.

"But do you know what an alibi is?" asked the judge.

"Yes, m'lord," replied the prisoner. "An alibi is proving that you was in one place when you was in another."

* * *

Two men were playing a ding-dong golf match, into the exciting spirit of which even the caddies had entered.

Going to the last hole all square, one man sliced badly while the other had an equally wild pull. The first man found himself in a jungle. His first niblick shot raised a huge divot and moved the ball about 6 ft. He took turf with his second also, but got the ball well away.

"By the way," he said, as he replaced the second divot, "what happened to the other clod?"

"Oh," said the caddie, with satisfaction, "he's playing six out of a bunker."

Bubble and Squeak

Counsel was endeavouring to find a way out. "If your wife were to break down in the witness-box, it might help me to get you acquitted. Do you think that could be managed?"

"Yus, guv'nor. Just tell'er you'ope to get me acquitted."

* * *

"What do ye charge to press a pair of troosers?" asked Sandy.

"Two shillings, sir," replied the assistant.

"Then ye can do one leg for a shilling. I'm going to be photographed and I'll pose sideways on, ye ken."

* * *

An Irishman was shooting with an Englishman, but they had had very little sport, so the Englishman said to his friend, "I'll ask this man whether there are any birds about here?"

"No use to ask him; he'll only tell you lies."

"I'll ask him at any rate," said the Englishman. "My good man, are there any birds about here?"

"Lots of birds, your honour."

"Tell me, what sort of birds?"

"Well, there's grouses and woodcocks and various others."

"Ask him," said the Irishman, "whether there are any thermometers here?"

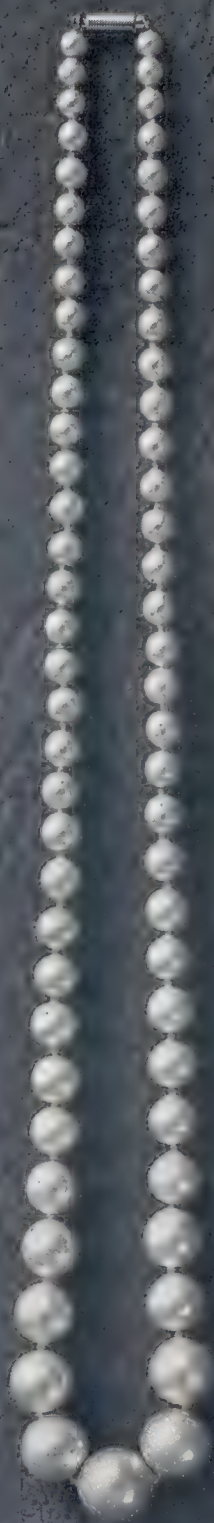
"Well, now, your honour," replied the man, "if there was a night's frost the place would be alive with them!"



GRETA GARBO AS MADAME CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE"

The talkie version of the famous play, though it lacks the presence of the creator of La Cavallini, Miss Doris Keane, who played the part for a record run in London, is nevertheless a satisfactory production so far as any talkie can be. Greta Garbo's next film after "Romance" was "Red Dust," which has something to do with a Chinese rubber plantation

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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By



MR. AND MRS. F. J. TENNANT'S HOUSE PARTY AT INNES

Wilken, Elgin

A remarkable group taken at Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tennant's house party at Innes, Morayshire, and which includes the host's and hostess' fourteen grand-children. The Duchess of Rutland is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tennant. The names in the group, left to right, are : Back row—Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Tennant, Lady Colquhoun of Loss, Miss Ann Charteris, Miss Serocold, Mrs. J. E. Tennant, Mrs. Tennant of Innes, Duchess of Rutland, Miss Laura Charteris, Lady Ursula Manners, Master Ivor Colquhoun, Miss Mary Rose Charteris, Miss Fiona Colquhoun, Hon. Mrs. Serocold, Lady Isabel Manners ; front row—Master Hugo Charteris, Miss Robina Tennant, Master Andrew Tennant, Lord John Manners, Master Iain Tennant, Marquess of Granby, Master Donald Colquhoun, Mr. F. J. Tennant of Innes

THE new little Princess of the House of York, upon whose birth the whole British Empire has united in congratulations to her Royal parents, is only the third of the Royal House to be born in Scotland: James I and his son, Charles I, being the other two, and if there is anything at all in heredity and coincidence the lady who is now fourth in succession to the throne of England ought to be greatly devoted to sport, particularly hunting and racing. James I of England was very keen indeed on hunting (hares in those days were the most popular), and on his way south to be crowned King of England His Majesty was in so small a hurry that when he arrived at Newark and found someone with a pack of hounds he could borrow, promptly did so, and put in quite an appreciable time hunting all the country from Newark to Belvoir Castle, where he stayed some days. It is quite possible that His Majesty did not confine his operations entirely to poor puss, but had a turn over the Belvoir Vale with Reynard the Bold, who even before King James' date had managed to obtain some definite recognition as a beast of venery, and had ceased to be regarded merely as "vermin." The Belvoir Vale, in those days, was not as strongly enclosed as it is to-day, which was probably a lucky thing for the King, as he was rated a third-class passenger on a horse, far inferior to Charles I, who was a performer, and Charles II, who was an even better one and also quite a good jockey. James I, so history tells us, got so excited when his hounds pulled down a hare that he did the disembowelling operation with his own hands, and it sounds, therefore, as if his enthusiasm might have carried him even so far as to help hounds to break up their fox! About this, however, the historian is silent. James I afterwards carried on his favourite sport from Newmarket, of which place he was extremely fond, as were also Charles I and Charles II, whose hack, Old Rowley, gave the Rowley Mile its name. The only things of which it is said James was not fond were soap and water, and it may be recalled that the defence of the misguided Guido was that he only collected all that gunpowder in the crypt of the House to blow the King and all the other Scots back to Scotland. It availed him not. Doubtless G. Faux, who was a very good-looking and well-groomed man and charming to meet, so history says—quite unlike the gross caricatures we see on the 5th of November—meant quite well, but his method was tactlessness in *excelsis*.

That intriguing group of all the Excellencies in India, which was published in THE TATLER a bit ago on the occasion when the Chief Excellency of all summoned all the other Excellencies to Simla to a pow-wow or palaver upon the tangled situation, has no doubt set quite a number of people wondering whether things have altered greatly in that beautiful Venusberg of old Hindustan. I have no desire to cause old wounds to bleed afresh in the hearts of people who nowadays are staid M.P.'s, Generals, ex-Viceregal A.D.C.'s, ex-spring captains, chairmen of vast concerns, and so forth, but I cannot help wondering whether this little pictorial reminder has not brought back one or two rather vivid pictures of the days long before someone built that most unromantic Simla Railway, which incidentally makes quite a number of people unpoetically sea-sick. I mean the times when the only mode of approach or retreat was the dusty, winding hill road with its strings of even dustier camels and mules, and its half-way caravanserais full of smoke dust, the sons of the Prophet, and all the odours known to the East, camel and *asafetida* predominating? I expect that quite a lot of these eminently respectable gentlemen to whom I have just referred remember how He parted from She at the end of his leave; how they had plighted their troth before the chaste altars of the eternal snows; how then, He departed down the long khaki road; how He listened to the camel bells tolling a requiem to a romance which He said (and She said) could never die; how the smouldering embers of the fires in the *serais* typified the end of an epic of love, and how (when he got down in the evening) the sunset over the western peaks, a blood-red gash in the evening clouds, was likened to the torn leaf of youth's sweet-scented manuscript, that volume of delicate poems which had been written in the dust off a butterfly's wings mixed with the joint tears of She and He? It was the very epitome of all the tragedies that ever had happened. Six months later, when he was home on leave and She also happened home, do all these gentlemen already catalogued recollect how, at the famous Scratch Cat Restaurant, when he saw some one sitting with that renowned Boulevardier Saxophone Jim, and He was with Miss Fairyfoot de Vere of the Gladeye Revue chorus, He couldn't quite remember Her name, and She had to ask Saxophone Jim who the ape with the peroxide beaut was, and why He stared at Her as if He knew Her.



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POLO IN BRIONI

A group in that jewel of the Adriatic, where polo is one of the leading industries. This team won the cup presented by Princess Max Hohenlohe-Langenberg, and the names, left to right, are: Captain Stevens, Major Edgar, the Princess Max Hohenlohe-Langenberg, Commander the Hon. V. Wyndham-Quin, and Prince Max Hohenlohe-Langenberg

THE latest news from America about our opponents' doings is what may be called "curiouser and curiouser," for after the American pundits having said about the final "Whites" (International) team—Mr. Eric Pedley (1), Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (2), Mr. Thos. Hitchcock (3), and Mr. Winston Guest (back)—being so overwhelming that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any team in all America to beat it, in their presumably 8th Trial, a team the composition of which the cable does not give us beyond that it included "Rube" (H. W.) Williams, another cow-puncher from Texas, as is Cecil Smith, who was described as a stupendous wallop of the willow, comes into the picture and knocks the Internationals out 19 to 6. This is a rout, not merely a defeat. "Rube" Williams' handicap is only 6, and he is one of those who escaped the recent revision of goal values. They played him No. 2 in this Red opposition team. They played him back in the "Red" team in the 4th Trial on July 30, No. 3 in the 5th, August 3; in the 6th, on August 6 they played him No. 3; in the 7th, on August 11 they played him No. 2. In all these Trials bar this last one on August 21, the "Whites" galloped all over their trial horses, and were, as I say, considered invincible. Who the others with "Rube" Williams in this Trial on August 21 were I can only conjecture, but probably Mr. Elmer J. Boeseke, Mr. Averill Harriman, and Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin, or perhaps young Mr. J. C. Rathborne, skipper of Yale and of Old Aiken (the boys' team). I suppose the right thing to say is, "Whadja know about that?" But it is not only British International teams apparently which give their selectors these curious in-and-out bits of form. We can but wait for fuller information, and I do not suppose we shall hear anything definite before I have to consign these notes to THE TATLER'S printer. The most encouraging news is that our own team has laid out its first American "trial horse" stone cold, beating quite good Greentree four 13 to 5. The American team, though only a scratch one, was individually useful, and was this: Mr. J. H. Whitney (1), Mr. Jack Nelson, the skipper of the Argentine International (2), Mr. J. Watson-Webb, an ex-International whom people well remember was over here in 1921 (3), and Mr. J. C. Rathborne, who is in the International "camp" (back). It may not be a convincing bit of form, but it tells us the ponies have travelled well, and that the men also are all right.

The regrettable neglect of polo interest in the Press—with, be it said at once, a few praiseworthy exceptions—is not, I am afraid, confined to the English news-sheets, for I observe that a charming French lady who was invited to

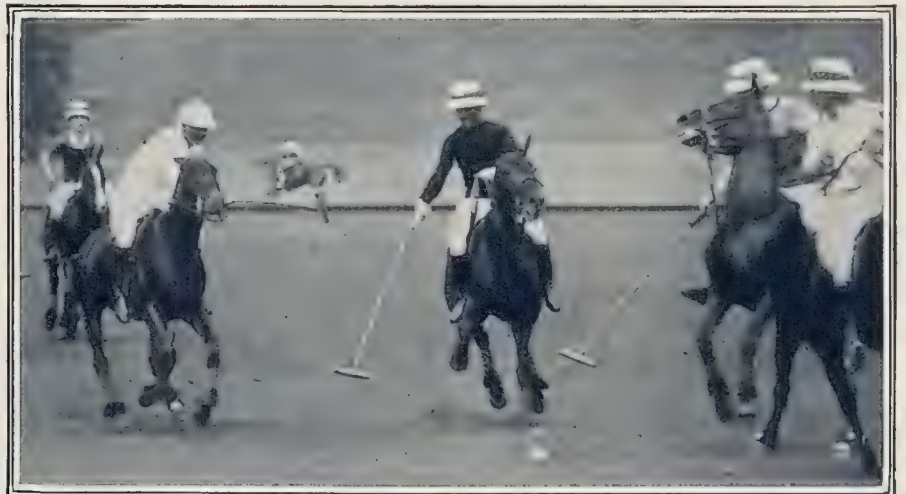
POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

"do" a polo match in England by some more than usually enterprising editor said that she had at last, and after painful effort, comprehended that it was "golf on horseback." Polo has been likened to many other things "on horseback," to "crokay," for instance, but never until now to golf. I admit that sometimes people playing polo do find themselves both stymied and bunkered—the latter after the ground has been cut to bits and the surface looks as if an air-raid had gone over it—but it has never struck me that it resembles either golf or "crokay." It is such a simple, straightforward game as played by the modern that it is inconceivable how anyone fails to get a grip of it. Only the other day a gent who I believe is renowned as an impressionist writer explained to his doubtless attentive public all about the offside rule at polo. There has been no offside rule for about fifteen years or more. For this we have to thank the Americans, who were quick to see how this silly rule slowed up the game, and we have also to thank them for dropping their complicated system of fractional scoring for penalties of varying degree. Since then no game is simpler in its form, and as it has been attempted to explain in these notes, it is quite as easy to follow as Soccer, which it very strongly resembles in its general scheme. The rules of polo as they are to-day are all directed to non-interference

with speed. There are no long waits either for a penalty hit for a foul 60 yards, a dangerous foul 40 yards, or a hit behind 60 yards—a thing which in Soccer football would give the attacking side a "corner"; there is no delay bringing the ball out when it goes behind or is hit out, for Mr. Umpire carries a packet of them, and just canters up and either throws a new ball in or drops one on the 60-yard or 40-yard line.

Of other things there are practically speaking none about which the onlooker need worry himself. The method of attack and defence are the same as those in Soccer to all practical intents and purposes. I am assured that one of the reasons why polo gets so little advertisement is that hateful thing I prefer to call "class consciousness," which of course is rather stupid when you think it out. Ever since the world began there have been people who patronized different kinds of recreation. These International polo matches in America start on the 6th of next month, and though the remoteness of the battle-ground is rather a damper to enthusiasm in England, in America they have a public which is already at a white-heat of excitement and does not understand why our English public is not in a similar condition. Polo was adopted in America some years after it had caught on in England; now it is her second game and about our sixth.



THE QUEEN'S BAYS AT TIDWORTH

An action picture of a practice game. Captain E. D. Fanshawe, who is the back of the regimental team, runners-up to the 17/21 Lancers in the Inter-Regimental, is on the left in white, just failing to stop a shot by Mr. O. V. Holmes, and Captain V. G. Toler-Aylward is on the extreme right

R. Horne



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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Old Masters.

DO you realize that we have reached that golden age in motoring in which old cars—I mean really old cars—are steadily going up in price? A pal o' mine in the West Country was one of the pioneers of automobilism, and his 4½-h.p. Decauville (the locals always pronounced it

and I had conceived the notion (in spite of the rotten old tyres, like so much blotting paper and cardboard) of getting the decrepid old mangle into running order again. But it was too much like hard work for a glorious summer's afternoon, and I rather fancy we went off fishing instead. A week or two ago I ran into my old friend in Pall Mall, and quite by chance, over a

reminiscent lunch, I inquired about the old "four-and-a-half." I wanted to know why he had not entered her for the Old Crocks Race at Brooklands. "Funny thing you should speak of that heap of iron-oxide and worm-eaten timber," said he, "for it was only a few days ago that a man wanted to buy it. I generally tell the truth, but on this occasion I cheerfully lied through the telephone. He offered me three pounds for the outfit as it stood, and undertook to fetch it away. He suggested that it would make rather an interesting exhibit in the motor-showroom of which he is the pushing proprietor. I told him I had had an offer of a tenner which I had accepted. 'Dammit,' says he, in the most artless fashion, 'I know someone who'd go as far as thirty for certain, and he might be hit up for fifty if the going was good.'" "Did you negotiate?" I asked. "I did not," he replied. "It was somehow borne in upon me that fortune had placed me in

possession of something that sometime will be worth a deuce of a lot of money. It has lain where it is for over thirty years, and it shall lie there for another thirty. Then when my son is very hard up through having to pay fifteen bob in the pound income tax he will offer it at Christie's, and it will be rough if he cannot get a quid an ounce for it. I thought of making it an heirloom, entailing it you know, but by that time the lad will probably be living in a one-and-a-half room Soviet flat, so I thought I had better not tie the old bedstead too firmly round his neck." Of course it all sounded like a little bit of leg-pull, this pal o' mine being a "fastidious practical joker," but I am now disposed to take it as gospel. For not long after I had left him I found myself in the company of one who deals extensively in "used cars," though official business premises and show-rooms know him not. "Wilfred," he hoarsely whispered, "d'you want to make a bit quickly . . . ? Well,

(Continued on p. xiv)



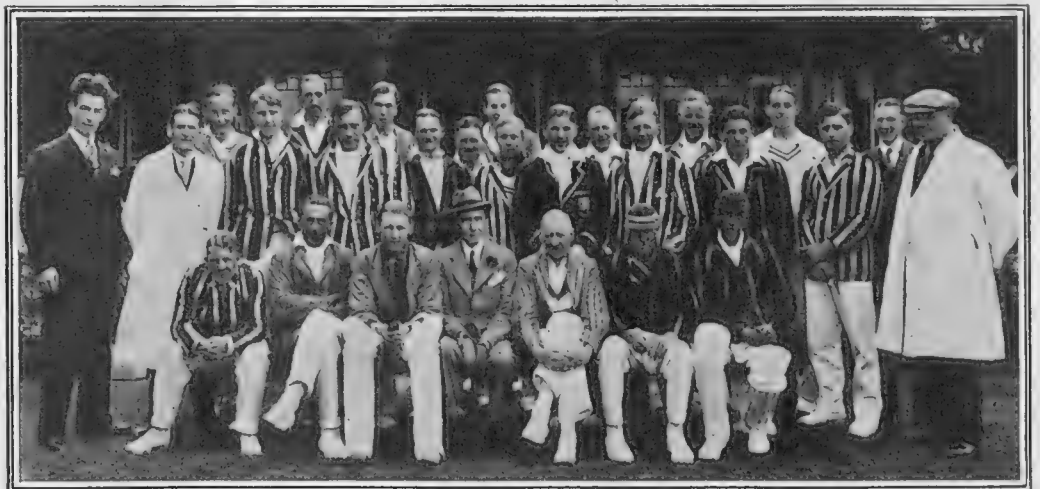
THE TRAMPS v. THE GENTLEMEN OF ESSEX

The combined teams, taken on the day they played their recent match at Fenners, Cambridge, and "dead-heated" after a good fight

The names, left to right, are: Back row, —H. F. Robinson, R. D. G. Norman, H. P. Waugh, L. D. Cambridge, Captain F. E. Hugonin, J. J. Lezard, P. W. Kemp-Welch, L. Collis-Browne, M. Scott, E. T. Unwin, G. W. O. Smith, and C. A. B. McVittie; front row—M. Raison, N. V. S. Cannon, G. W. N. Redley, J. S. F. Morrison, L. D. Warmesley (Essex captain), Captain H. R. King (Tramps captain), N. R. S. Wilkinson, J. T. Morgan, G. M. London, and G. D. Kemp-Welch

De-kór-vil) established a wonderful reputation for itself in all that part of England not long after the jolly old red flag was done away with. We have a different sort of red flag to contend with now, and the other was the better. On that old "Deck" I myself have had many a stirring mile, but its makers (if they are still in existence) will forgive me for saying that it was one of the most astonishing examples of unreliability that the hand of mechanical man ever contrived. I know that in one hectic week-end I myself resolved the engine into its elementary components no less than three times only to find that everything was in perfect order. That engine had a personal devil lurking somewhere in its innocent-looking combustion-chamber. Maybe it was only a bad sparking-plug—there were no such things as K.L.G.'s and Lodge's in those days—but the truth is that the damn thing never would start until it was just too late to set out for a run. Well, its fond owner struggled with it for about a year, and then one day it tried his temper too high. Not a single shot could he get from that motor for about seventy-two hours on end, and half the villagers and all his farm and garden-hands were going about with their right arms in slings. So he philosophically said "that's that" and had the thing wheeled into a barn. Being rich he did not need to sell it, and being kind he would not consent to saddle another with its enormities. So there it lay, a disgraceful and a disgusting relic, its place in the coach-house being taken by one of the earliest Wolseleys. Ten years ago my eye caught a bit of the old ruin sticking out from some sheaves of straw, and I cleared enough of the mess away to revive old memories. It was still all there, or most of it was, though peculant fingers had robbed it of various fittings, bolts and nuts, etc. Rust and corruption had done their fell work, however, and there was hardly a movement in the old crock that would move. For a minute or two this pal o' mine

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



C. H. G. CORNWALL-LEGH'S XI. v. ETON RAMBLERS

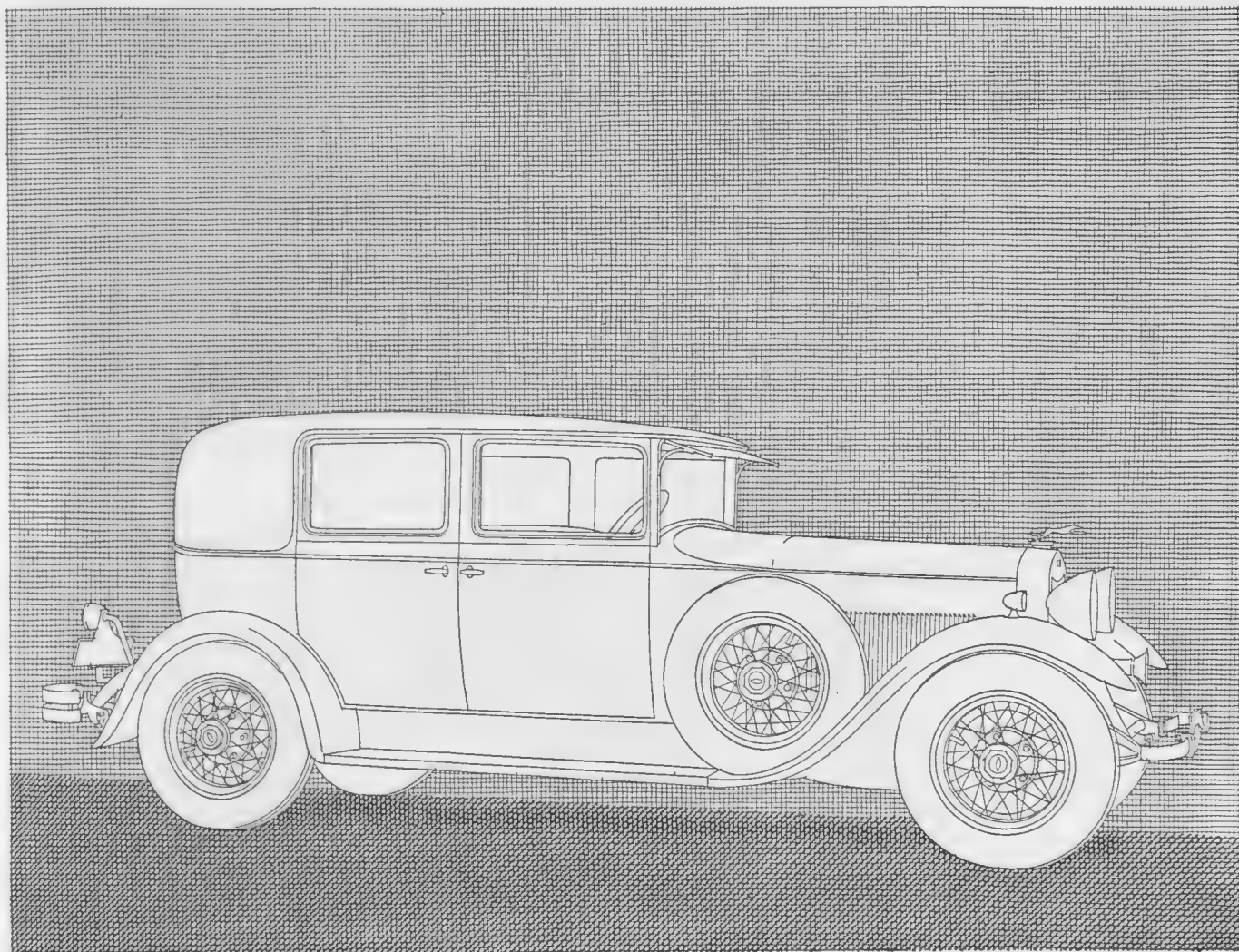
The two teams taken during Mr. C. H. G. Cornwall-Legh's cricket week at High Legh Hall near Knutsford, Cheshire

The names, left to right, are: Back row—W. E. Harbord, H. T. Foley, H. Meynell, J. A. E. Reiss, W. L. Hewitt, G. Wright, A. G. Pelham, and F. A. Norris; middle row—J. Simpson, A. Cross, P. Alexander, W. E. Spurway, G. W. Norris, G. H. M. Cartwright, G. S. E. Kevill-Davies, H. A. Sharville, E. T. L. R. Haywood, J. Rowley, A. M. Baerlein, and A. Farrar; sitting—J. Alexander, S. L. Trevor, L. Alexander, C. H. G. Cornwall-Legh, Sir John Dixon, P. W. Vasey, and E. B. Alexander

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Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

THIS is the sort of moment when the proverbial greeting, "Here we are again," appears the only thing to fit the case. After a few days' collecting of threads, various items of news, more or less interesting, seem to be emerging. Most golfers are out of London. Some of the news is distressing. Miss D. R. Fowler, for instance, is still in hospital at St. Andrews, and though she has some hopes of getting to Pitlochry and putting foot to the ground at the end of September; there is to be no golf or riding for her for a year's time; a truly melancholy prospect in which she will have everyone's sympathy.

Then Miss Enid Wilson has had laryngitis, but that may perhaps be cured by the excursion she is just making, experimenting with new styles. Bobby Jones or Horton Smith vie with each other, it is believed, in her favour as a possible model at the moment. We shall see what we shall see when she comes back to competition golf at the Girls' Golfing Society meeting, which is to take place at Stoke Poges on September 9.

Players are entering in their hundreds (that is a quite literal statement) for the Autumn Foursomes, and those who are beaten in early rounds and have yet lost their heart to the place will have a delightful opportunity of adventuring at Ranelagh again the following week. For Mr. Herbert Fowler, who is

THE CLOSING DATE
for entries in the
Autumn Foursomes at
Ranelagh and Roc-
hampton is Sept. 12

spurring on Ranelagh to all sorts of fresh golfing activities, is proving himself a good friend to the ladies by instituting an annual meeting for them, when there will be a new challenge cup known as the Barn Elms for the lowest scratch score, a second scratch prize, handicap prizes, and a putting competition. All this is

At the Herne Bay Open Meeting: Miss J. Beach (left), winner of the 18-holes competition, with Miss R. Hanson-Lawson, Miss N. Wood, Miss Topping, and Miss Diana Fishwick, the Open Champion, who won the Scratch Prize

and Mr. U. B. Twist taking 78—3 = 75 for each of their eighteen holes.

Miss Rabbidge has been doing great things in the match play line at Harlech, and a little farther south, at Aberdovey, chief honours have gone to Miss Joyce Cave, who shows that squash racquets need not interfere with golf; Mrs.



Ready reckoners: Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Gascoigne card-marking at the Herne Bay Open Meeting



For a change: Miss Ryan, the renowned tennis star, playing golf at Kibworth in Leicestershire with her nieces, Betty and Pat Partridge. They are the daughters of Mrs. Stanley Partridge, and are intent on emulating their mother's prowess at the game

Rieben, the ex-Welsh champion, and her daughter have been distinguishing themselves too. Miss Joyce Cave qualified first for the Talgarth Cup with 80—4 = 76, but she and her sister were both beaten in the match play stages, Miss Kittermaster taking the Cup back into the Midlands.

Mrs. and Miss Rieben each reached the semi-final, Mrs. Rieben only losing at the 19th hole to Miss Winsor, who is so great a name in the Girl Guide world. But mother and daughter had their revenge in the Foursomes Tournament for they won the final against Miss Winsor and Mrs. Kettle by 8 and 6. Miss Rieben is competing in the Girls' Championship next week. Play in that event bids fair to be extraordinarily good. For instance there is Miss Horsburgh, the daughter of the Sonning men's secretary, who holds the ladies' record for that course with 74 and has an L.G.U. handicap of 5. Miss Johnson from Hornsea has earned some name for herself in Yorkshire golf during the past few months, and there are plenty of others capable of playing extremely sound golf, not forgetting visitors from overseas.

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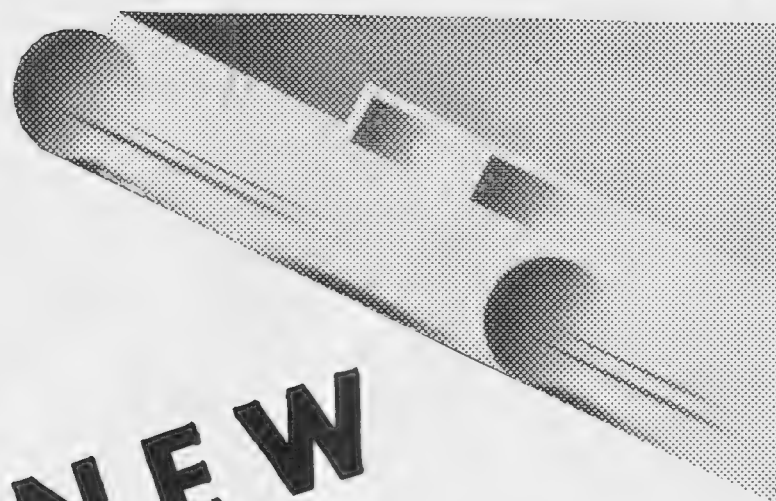
You are driving in traffic. You want to nip round a bus. As your foot goes down on the accelerator, your engine is up and at it at once—swinging you swiftly, smoothly, forward. The 'high overall volatility' of BP means lightning acceleration!



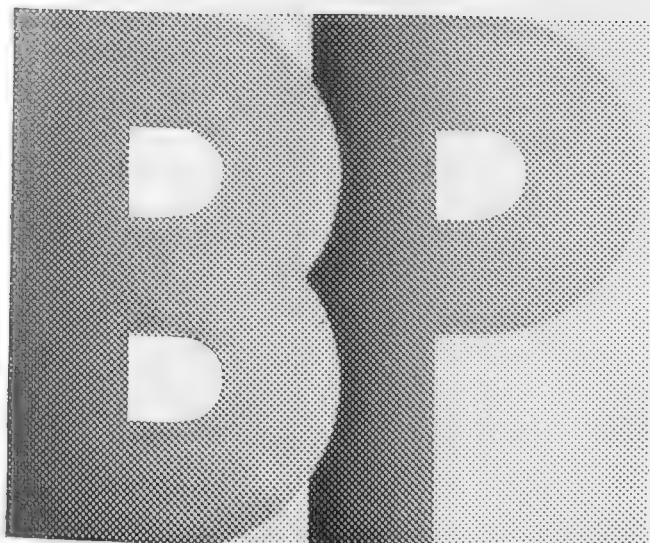
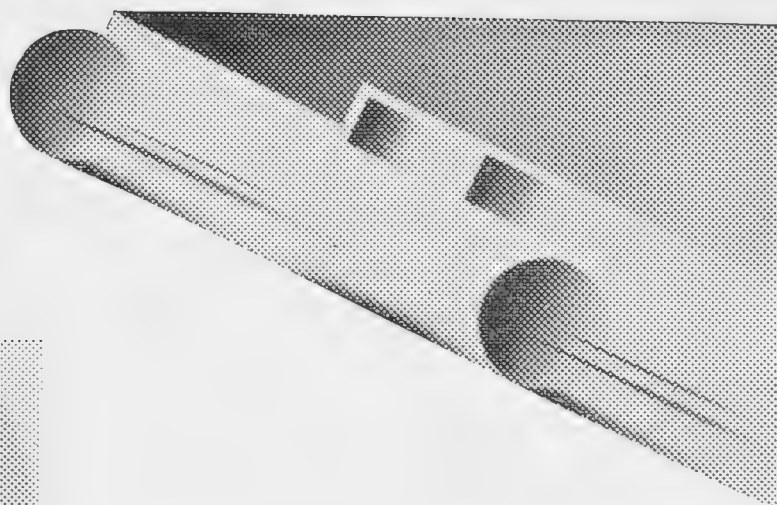
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GET ALL THREE



IN THE NEW





"... a check cap, a broken nose—a green taxi"

GREEN TAXI

By Mollie Panter-Downes

I MET him first on the corner of 94th Street and Broadway. I don't know what it was about him that made me lose my head. It must have been just one of those things. For I was harassed enough already without adding the final complication of falling desperately in love with a man whose business must of necessity keep him in New York. Mine was taking me to Europe in nine hours. Midnight on the *Bremen* from Brooklyn. Somehow in those nine hours I had to go down to the Customs House and get a sailing permit; to pack a trunk and three suit-cases; to ring up a dozen people and say good-bye; to . . .

"Taxi!"

It was the only one on the corner outside the drug store. And that drug store was as familiar to me now as the grey colonnade of the Ritz in Piccadilly. The drug store had made me welcome quite as royally as the Ritz might have done. It had given me orange juice and toast and splendid coffee in the mornings; it had kept me supplied with Lucky Strikes and stamps and fruit salts and Coty lipsticks. Where in the world will you find a Ritz to do all that? I glanced in sadly as I passed. Good-bye, nice little drug store. . . . And here is the taxi, the loathsome taxi that will take me down to the Customs to get permission to leave a country that I don't want to leave. What irony!

"Taxi!"

"Where to, lady?"

"The Customs House. And I'm in a hurry. How long will it take?"

He folded up the sporting supplement that he had been reading and debated.

"Do my best, lady, but it's going to take us the best part of twenty minutes."

"All right. Step on it."

"Sure."

It was a green taxi, the colour of the underside of a parrot's wings. In the crisp February sunshine it glittered. As I sank back in a corner my eye was caught and held enthralled by the photographed eye of the reader of the sporting supplement. Underneath was the usual official warning that if the driver of the taxi was not the man in the photograph one was immediately to inform an officer. But I should be much more likely to want an officer if the photograph in front of me was really like the

man in whose hands I had just misguidedly placed my young life. I had never seen such a face. It glowered at me from under a loud check cap; it had a broken nose and extremely prominent ears and the name of Solomon. I looked at it and thought of thugs and toughs and gunmen. I thought of Chicago and racketeers. It was the kind of face that does things to you in dark doorways.

I glanced timidly through the glass partition and there, yes, there were the ears, sticking out, red and pugnacious, between a turned-up coat collar and a jammed-down cap. I watched them, fascinated. And suddenly they turned at a conversational angle towards me.

"Leaving town?" asked Mr. Solomon amiably.

I jumped at least three inches in the air. Mr. Solomon thought that I had not heard, and turning further round so that I got a good view of his broken nose, repeated:

"Leaving town?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. To-night."

"Is that so? I've just been thinking. If you're in a hurry to get down to the Customs House I'd better take you along the water front. It's longer, but it'll save us time in the traffic."

"All right. You know best."

With a gorgeous, uncanny sense of timing, he slipped up between two street cars, put on the brakes with a scream, just escaping collision with a Packard and a delivery van, shot past an oncoming stream of traffic, and we were in a quieter street. I breathed again. Mr. Solomon, turning the cars towards me, inquired—

"Are you kind of nervous, lady?"

"I don't think so." And only five minutes ago I was frightened to death thinking of thugs. But I don't want to hurt Mr. Solomon's feelings or annoy him in any way. He says genially—

"Fine. Now hold on to your seat, lady, because I'm going to shake the guts out of you."

"Oh, my God!"

"Whazat?" He was anxious to be sociable, to miss nothing.

"I didn't speak."

"English, aren't you? I've always heard that English people sit quiet and don't do much screaming. One thing, lady, you don't never have to worry in New York taxis. No, sir. Hydraulic brakes, see?"

He put them on with a screech to prove his point and save us from sudden death under the wheels of a dock lorry. When I had picked myself off the floor again I suggested carefully—

"I'm kind of anxious to get on the *Bremen* to-night more or less alive—"

"Whazat?"

I shrieked.

"No need to kill me; want to get on boat alive!"

"Sa-ay!" He was indignant. "Don't you worry about that, lady. I've got a date to-night to go and see George Bancroft in *The Mighty*. You don't find me missing that. No, sir."

"Do you like movies?"

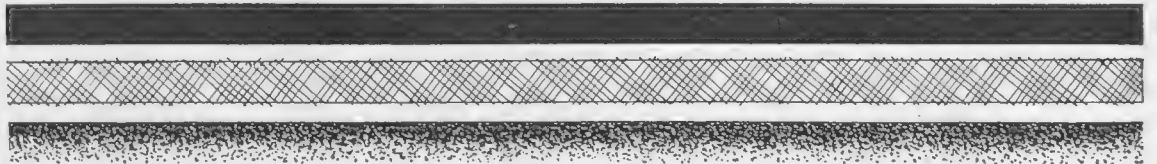
"Whazat? Oh, yeah. They're all right. Bancroft's all right. I missed *The Mighty* when it opened on Broadway. That's why you don't get me passing up to-night. No, lady, you'll get on that boat alive all right. What was the boat, did you say?"

(Continued on p. xvi)

THE COSIEST COAT AND THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS



MOT one day, cold the next. It's hard to know what to wear. The fair spectators in our illustration are taking no risks. The one on the left has enveloped herself in a soft warming Motoluxe Motor Rug—just the thing for keeping the cold from the knees and the chill from the toes. Her friend is wearing one of those attractive Motoluxe Coats which is just as warm as the ordinary fur coat and not so oppressively heavy. You can wear it on occasions when it would become very tiring to drag round in a fur coat all day. It is made of the same fine Alpaca as the Motoluxe Rug, though the pile is closer and shorter to give a more fashionable silhouette to the wearer. You can get the coats from 8½ gns., while for 5 gns. the rug is also yours.



EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.



Insist on the name and
ask for the Foot Muffs
that match ... 39/6

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Wholesale enquiries only to:—
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR), LTD.,

39, EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON, W.1





The furrier's and the tailor's art are present in this cloth coat. It is enriched with beaver. An important feature are the cuffs, which becomingly turn the elbow. At Revillon's, 180, Regent Street, W.

Fashion in Furs.

It is at Deauville and Biarritz that the leaders of Fashion have appeared in new furs. It must frankly be admitted that they were not needed for warmth, so they must have been donned to flatter complexions that were more or less damaged by the sea breezes. Fur is far more helpful than jewels in this respect. At these modish *plages* were seen beautiful coats of ermine, squirrel, and mole, all dyed black and trimmed with white fox and ermine. Revillon, 180, Regent Street, London, and Paris, are enthusiastic regarding the fascination of these dyed coats; the authority there declares that fur is no longer above Fashion as it was during the last century, when a fur was handed down from one generation to another, and there were only three sizes; fit was never considered of the least importance. The present and coming vogue for black and white is reflected in the domain of furs. Furthermore, a single coat is not enough, there must be three or four as there are so many different missions they are called upon to perform. Then the length has to be carefully considered; for a sports coat, 14 or 15 in. from the ground is accepted; 12 in. for town wear in general; for fashionable afternoon functions, hip length; for evening wear, either three-quarter or ankle length, the latter with trains of brocade enriched with fur.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Ermine and Broadtail.

It is acknowledged that for general wear a Hudson seal coat trimmed with fox is excellent; it costs about £75; should sable squirrel be substituted for fox the price is about £50, or it may be rather more. For wearing in the car there is nothing better than a natural musquash or pony-skin coat; the cost of the latter is from £30 to £40; they must be sufficiently wide to wrap well over the knees when seated; these pelts wear exceedingly well, and the coats may be used as rugs and tossed about with impunity. For a luxury car such as a Rolls-Royce, coats of natural black musquash and squirrel are more appropriate.

Decorative Coats.

The decorative coats for day-time functions are perfectly charming; they are sure to meet with success. Illustrated on this page is a coat designed and carried out by Revillon in black broadtail with ermine collar. There are many variations on this theme expressed in other short-haired pelts, including mole and caracul. Then for evening wear there are three-quarter coats of ermine; it is those of brocade trimmed with fur which are ankle-length. Also illustrated on this page is an



Ermine makes this decorative evening set. The wrap is caught with a black motif which matches the ornament on the flap of the muff. At Revillon's, 180, Regent Street, W.



A decorative fur wrap that is destined to be seen at fashionable lunches and afternoon functions. Revillon, 180, Regent Street, W., has expressed it in broadtail relieved with ermine

evening set consisting of a cape with a black motif on the shoulder which harmonizes with the ornament on the envelope muff. Ermine or coney are employed for this set; it all depends on the state of the exchequer of the prospective wearer.

The Return of the Leg-o'-Mutton Sleeve.

Never has there been such variety in the sleeves of the fur and fur-trimmed coats. First and foremost the leg-o'-mutton has returned in a modified form; it is very becoming and permits the coat being easily slipped on. Generally speaking the collars are not as large as last season, nevertheless the cuffs are enormous. The cuffs of the cloth coat from Revillon pictured is of interest as it turns the elbow. Some cuffs (if so they may be called) begin above the elbow and continue nearly to the shoulder; they suggest large brassards. Again there are the cuffs that extend to the elbow. Originality is everything where cuffs are concerned, and it is in this that this firm excel. And the majority of the collars are double and upright; a few are reinforced with narrow revers of fur which extend to the hem of the coat. When choosing a coat the fur of the collar must be considered. All kinds of fox suit thin faces, while sable-dyed squirrel, mink, and flat-haired pelts are the prerogative of those whose faces are round and rather fat.

(Continued on p. iv)

Germs may destroy teeth and tissues



that is found by dental research
to discolour teeth and invite
serious tooth and gum disorders.

Try this special tooth paste. It will aid in revealing lovely
teeth where other ways have failed.

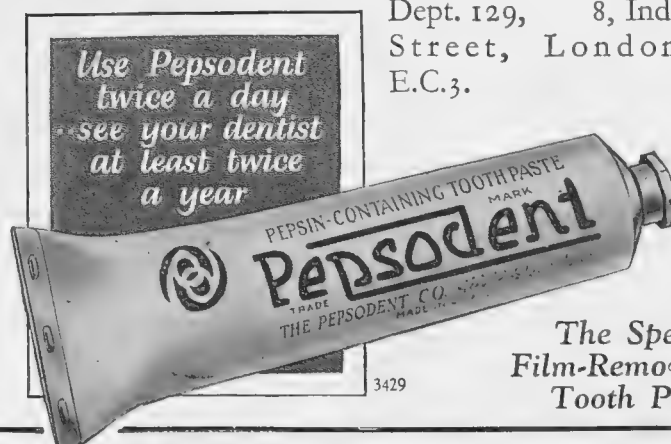
If you brush your teeth *for better protection . . . to remove stains . . .* we want to send you free a remarkable development in modern tooth pastes. In ten days you will see results that ordinary brushing failed to bring.

Germs on teeth are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops and holds them in contact with teeth and tissues. Film gets into crevices. It clings so stubbornly that even "over-brushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference. First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it. No harmful grit, no crude abrasive, but a creamy paste recommended for sensitive teeth.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in tooth protection. Use Pepsodent twice daily. See your dentist twice yearly. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

Write for free 10-day tube of Pepsodent to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 129, 8, India Street, London, E.C.3.



The Special
Film-Removing
Tooth Paste

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fur-trimmed Coats.

The art of the tailor and furrier are happily united in the fur-trimmed tweed coats at Revillon's. A decidedly novel note is struck in a new model; from an inserted yoke at the centre of the back springs a strapping which is carried over the collar and presses it down as it were. Sleeves are always inset, as this conceit has a slimming effect on the figure. Women know that even the most diminutive detail does not escape attention, and that attractive novelties in fur wraps and accessories may be seen in these salons. A fact, however, that is not nearly so well known is that the prices that prevail are exceptionally moderate, and that there is something for every purse.

Zambrene Weatherproofs.

The Zambrene weatherproofs carried out in tweed do indeed represent the acme of smartness, as the very latest commands of Fashion are reflected in them. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Zambrene, 3b, Cannon Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. Much to be desired is the model pictured on this page; it is lined with a proofed fabric which affords extra protection against the inclemencies of the weather. There are narrow adjustable belts over the hips and a strap at the collar finished with a buckle; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the collar and front may be arranged in a variety of ways. There are many colour schemes in which this model is available—ultra smart is black flecked with white. Neither must the Zambrene West of England coverts be overlooked; some are semi-fitting and are suitable for town wear while others are loose and are primarily destined for country wear.

Zaramac Riding and Walking Coats.

Sponsored by the firm of Zambrene are the Zaramac walking and riding coats. There is the full hunting model, carried out in double-texture Indiana; it is provided with saddle-flap, leg-straps, and apron; should the last-mentioned not be needed it can be attached to the back of the coat. Again, there is the double-texture Indiana Zaramac, which is as appropriate for riding as walking as it is cut with sufficient spring for the former purpose. It has a slit at the back and saddle-flap and is finished at the hems with a non-rain conductor.

Correct School Outfitting.

Nowadays boys and girls are very particular regarding their school-outfits; therefore attention must be drawn to the fact that Gooch's outfits are endorsed by the leading public and preparatory schools—everything is made in exact accordance with the regulations. The autumn catalogue devoted to this subject is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. A feature is made of riding kit; the garments

are made in this firm's own workrooms under the supervision of experts, and the materials include whip-cords, riding tweeds, and covert coatings. Then there are the linen sheets made in heavy cotton, ranging in price from 12s. 6d. to 25s. 9d., cotton pillow-cases are from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d., those of linen being from 3s. 9d. to 5s. 9d. each. All-wool coloured rugs or blankets with fawn or camel grounds, with Greek key border, 60 by 80 in., from 24s. 6d.



A ZAMBRENE WEATHERPROOF

Carried out in checked tweed and lined with a proofed fabric. There are adjustable belts over the hips. It is available in many colour schemes

Cash's Woven Names.

And of course there is no better way of marking school outfits than with Cash's woven names, and it is the way that always finds favour in the eyes of the leading preparatory schools. They are quite inexpensive and are sold by all drapers. Too much cannot be said in favour of Cash's lingerie ribbons, on which repeated visits to the laundress have no deleterious effect. Furthermore, they will stand the strain of vigorous exercise and do not break or fray. They are obtainable at all drapers in a variety of widths and fashionable colours, including white, blue, pink, helio, champagne, eau de nil, peach, and black. All interested in the subject must write to J. and J. Cash, Coventry, for the booklet, which gives patterns of the ribbon and illustrations showing the purpose for which they are destined. It will be sent gratis and post free.

Warm Wrappers.

With the advent of September it is essential to consider the subject of warm wrappers for the boudoir. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., realizing this fact, have brought out an illustrated brochure which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. For instance, there are useful wrappers in toile de soie lined with nun's-veiling; they are cut on coat lines with rever collar fastening at one side; they are 49s. 6d., dressing-jackets to match being 29s. 6d.

Luxuries for the Bath.

Sea-bathing is all very well, nevertheless the skin is left with a decidedly unpleasant stickiness; it is for this reason that many of the fashionable seaside resorts have erected fresh-water shower-baths. In order to experience the full benefit of the same a Venetian Velva Bath Salts must be used; they are fabric bags filled with cleansing and fragrant cosmetic preparations; the body must be lightly rubbed with them; they are 12s. 6d. a box, which last quite a long time. They are absolutely indispensable on a sea voyage; personally I consider that everyone should use them in the daily bath. By the way, the traveller will be pleased to learn that they occupy no space. Again, there is the Venetian Velva Bath; it is a cream soap of jelly-like consistency; it is very beneficial and beautifying to the skin; in big chubby tubes it is 6s. 6d. This is the time of the year when twinges of rheumatism make sufferers from this ill remember that they must take care. Elizabeth Arden's (25, Old Bond Street, W.) Russian Pine Bath Salts are warmly to be recommended, as not only are they curative and refreshing but they overcome rheumatism and muscular strain. Fling a handful in a bath, and then as the spicy fragrance of the pine forest is inhaled the body is stimulated and invigorated. "The Quest of the Beautiful" is a very interesting brochure; it will be sent post free together with a small pamphlet treating with the care of the eyes.

Do not blame overwork and worry — when all the time unsuspected constipation is poisoning you



Constipation in itself is rarely a hospital case. It is an habitual and distressing state of internal congestion. Eighty per cent of people are living half-powered lives as a result of it. Harsh purgatives merely aggravate and cannot cure. It is the great virtue of Eno's "Fruit Salt" that while it keeps your 'foodways' from getting into this clogged and poisoned state, it does so with due regard to the delicacy of the human mechanism. ENO itself never enters the blood. In a very true sense it never enters the body at all. It merely passes along a channel that runs through you, diluting the contents by the natural process known to doctors as 'osmosis', and thereby securing their complete and punctual ejection. Impure mineral salts, harsh aperients, and crude purgatives are all harmful to you. Take ENO first thing every morning — and only ENO

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks

RADIO GIVES BRITAIN ITS FINEST MUSIC

B.B.C. Forms a Symphony Orchestra Fit to Compare with World's Best

By EAMON GARRY

It is very easy to overlook the fact that the B.B.C. has formed the greatest and finest symphony orchestra this country has ever possessed. It is equally easy to ignore the fact that the B.B.C. is the greatest single purveyor of musical entertainment in the world. Having recorded that dual achievement, it is only fair to state that the benefit of both is passed over, night after night, to the fortunate possessor of any ordinary radio set.

At the Queen's Hall, several nights each of the current weeks, Sir Henry Wood is conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra through exceedingly enjoyable programmes of music which, while being high-class, are not high-brow. Until this orchestra was formed there was not any musical combination in this country able to compare or compete with the fine symphonic orchestras of Europe and America.

I am practically certain that never before has there been a British Orchestra so large, or of such hand-picked personnel as this. No fewer than 114 players compose the combination which is organized on permanent lines—every man is on the whole-time salary list, has to attend every rehearsal and performance, is not permitted to indulge in the "deputy" policy that has spoiled every other big orchestra that has been formed in this country. The constitution of the new orchestra consists of:

20 first violins, 16 second violins, 14 violas, 12 violoncellos, 10 double basses, 2 timpani, 3 percussion, 2 harps, 4 flutes (including piccolo, bass flute), 4 oboes (including cor anglais, bass oboe), 5 clarinets (including bass clarinet, saxophone), 4 bassoons (including contra-bassoon), 6 horns, 5 trumpets (including cornets), 5 trombones (including bass trumpet), 2 tubas.

It is worthy of note, as a commentary of the "North versus South in Music," that

the North make the most important contributor to the constitution. The leader is Arthur Catterall, the famous Manchester violinist, and other northern musicians who have permanent places are:

Jessie Hinchliffe (violin), Manchester; Laurence Turner (violin), Sheffield; Evelyn Thornton (violin), Manchester; Constance Ellingford (violin), Liverpool; Joseph Young (violin), South Shields; A. E. Cockerill (double bass), Birmingham; Alec Whittaker (principal oboe), Manchester; Jack Mackintosh (trumpet and first cornet), Sunderland; Harry Barlow (principal tuba), Manchester.

Arthur Catterall was leader of the old Symphony Orchestra which was experimentally organized last season to give the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, London. Many of the members of the new orchestra have worked together before as members of the old orchestra, and several of the northerners are also members of the Hallé Orchestra. As a preliminary to the winter season, the greater part of the orchestra, ninety strong, play in the 1930 Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. The full strength of 114 will appear in weekly symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall during the winter.

Individually the players can challenge comparison with their colleagues anywhere; it remains only to weld them into a real team, to mould their united skill and enthusiasm into a solid unity. Sir Henry Wood is to begin that inspiring task. He will have the orchestra for a period of steady rehearsal of some weeks, and conducts them during the present season of "Proms." The players have been picked from the whole country, and every applicant for membership has been given an impartial hearing, irrespective of the reputation he (or she) had already won. Women had the same chance as men, and no proportion of one to the other was decided in advance. As a result, women have won places by merit alone among the first and second violins and the violas.

The complete orchestra consists of 114 players, and it is so composed that it can play as one unit or be subdivided in many different ways.



DON BRADMAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

The radio set presented to him by a few friends of the Australian Press on his twenty-second birthday last week as a small recognition of his wonderful exploits in the Test matches. The radio set is the same type of McMichael set as is installed on the Royal yacht

AIRIE YOW

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before the stress of winter can harm
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Pictures in the Fire—continued

In spite of the definite assertion of Police Chief E. P. Mulrooney (U.S.A.), that it is "all boloney" to say that Mr. John Diamond has left New York because his chief business rival, Signor Scarface Al Capone, had signified his intention of coming over from Chicago on a bumping-off expedition, it is conveyed to me by a sure hand that this is not quite such punk as the police chief thinks. Why the arsenals if it was "boloney"? There were enough explosives found to blow up New York, let alone "Scarface." Is there not now the interesting possibility of our hearing that Signor "Scarface" has also booked his passage to Yewrope; and if this turns out to be correct, what is Mr. Jeff Dickson, that King of Promoters, going to do about it? What a draw a match Diamond v. Scarface at Olympia! The only trouble of course would be that a bullet and bomb-proof screen would have to be erected all round that vast arena, and that the audience would have to view the encounter by periscope. I note, by the way, that Police Chief Mulrooney says: "For a while we don't care if you play ball with him (Mr. J. Diamond) over there, because we have nothing on him right now." That may be. But the important thing is, *what has Mr. Diamond got on him*, and to suggest that anyone should "play ball" with a man absolutely oozing with highly-destructive explosives is—well, "boloney"!

There is only too obviously some dirty work brewing in the soap market in Poland, because it is announced that their Secretary of State for Home Affairs is drafting an edict making it a criminal offence for anyone to refrain from having one wash, or bath, a month. I read:

Everybody will receive a bath-card, which will be solemnly stamped by an official when the monthly wash has been completed.

Persons under ten and over sixty years of age will be excused, also those who are sick and those who possess their own bath-rooms—"where it can be taken for granted they are used."



CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD

A recent picture of the widow of the 4th Earl, who died in 1899. Lady Strafford was formerly the widow of Mr. S. Colgate, U.S.A. Her third husband was Mr. Martyn Kennard, whom she married in 1903

Of course we ought not, perhaps—I mean to say that occasionally one does come across people who don't . . . and was there not one of our own doctors who the other day published twelve weighty reasons why you—that is, anyone—should not have a bath! The thirteenth one he omitted: "because some people prefer to sniff like dead buzzards." In our childhood's days my brother and I had a head nurse we used to call "Apple Smell," so I don't think we ought to be too sneery at the Poles. Also in Kashmir the lady inhabitants, though as beautiful as pink lotuses, only change their raiment when it rots off; just a little shimmy-shake after putting the new garment on over the top, and 'tis done. They are great believers in labour-saving.

Messrs. McLelland and Partners, Ltd., who are breeders of silver foxes and small fur-bearing animals in England have written to this paper, apropos a note in "Pictures in the Fire" on the various methods of killing ranch-bred silver foxes, and particularly the American method as revealed in an official publication of the American Department of Agriculture. Messrs. McLelland write:

We do not think the U.S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin 1151 can be abreast of the times in the matter of killing. Although many ranchers assert that the old practice of standing on the heart is not cruel (it takes from one to two minutes) it has been largely discontinued in Canada and, we should imagine, in the United States as well. The modern very effective and quite painless way of killing a fox is by an injection of strychnine and we have never heard of any other method being used on English or Scottish ranches. Mr. Lethbridge is evidently speaking of trapped foxes; but some 98 per cent. of all silver foxes are ranch bred, and his method—which is no doubt excellent for his purpose—would not be suitable for them. We hope you will be able to give space to our remarks in justice to the many silver-fox farmers who are animal-lovers and often opposed to trapping on humanitarian grounds.

I am perfectly certain that, where ranch-bred silver foxes are concerned, such atrociously cruel methods as crushing the life out of them by standing on them have never been practised.



At the Danger Point, ordinary shoes provide no support for the most important part of the foot. Hence weariness, aching, strain. Concealed supports built into the waists of Arch-Moulded Shoes will restore the foot efficiency, the energy and vigour, you should be enjoying. In all fashionable styles and leathers and every conceivable fitting, from leading shoemen everywhere.

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**ARCH-MOULDED
SHOES**

Support your feet at the danger point!

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A threat to
your pleasure
. . . menacing
happiness . . .
would-be
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.. the Danger
Point!

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

To the man who is thinking of buying a new overcoat



THE "NEW TAILORING"—the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

The buying of an overcoat is regarded by far too many men as an ordeal. They plead . . . "no time for a lot of trying on . . . no good at picking out a pattern . . . probably won't like the coat when it comes." And so on.

To "New Tailoring" enthusiasts this attitude of mind seems mid-Victorian. Seven years ago the "New Tailoring" was introduced to bring the buying of clothes into line with modern needs, above all, to give a man that lasting satisfaction which fine tailoring alone can provide—without its delays, its element of risk, its unduly high cost.

Many men have proved that the "New Tailoring" has accomplished all and more than it promised. Its history has been one of unbroken success, and every year we are able to offer greater value, better service.

Thus, to-day, we are in a position to have luxurious Scottish and English fabrics woven exclusively for us at the most economic prices . . . to extend our system of mathematically graded fittings to an unprecedented degree.

With this result. For autumn and winter, 1930, we present the most magnificent range of overcoats ever offered in the "New Tailoring."

OVERCOATS

**exclusive cloths — correct
styles — fine tailoring**

5 to 12 gns.

AUSTIN REED'S

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TEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry Street, W.1

CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Pointer and Setter Trial Meeting of the Scottish Field Trials Association took place at Yester on August 6, 7, and 8. Lady Howe was one of the judges. Mrs. Nagle won the Brace Stakes with her famous Irish setters, f. t. ch. Sulhamstead Sheilin d'Or and f. t. ch. Sulhamstead Valla d'Or. In the Puppy Stake, Mrs. Heylands' pointer, Freeland Ruby, and Mrs. Nagle's Irish setter, Sulhamstead Token d'Or were placed equal 1st. The All-aged Stake was won by Mrs. Heylands' f. t. ch. Freeland Drake, while Mrs. Nagle's f. t. ch. Sulhamstead Sheilin d'Or was second. On the last day in the Champion Stake, with thirteen entries, f. t. ch. Sulhamstead Sheilin d'Or repeated her 1927 victory, while Mrs. Nagle was also third with f. t. ch. Sulhamstead Valla d'Or. Mrs. Nagle is to be congratulated on this brilliant achievement, and the numerous breeders and owners of Irish setters should take heart and get their dogs broken with this example before them of how brilliant in training Irish setters can be.

There is an attraction in a gamble to most people, and the purchase of a well-bred greyhound puppy is in the nature of a gamble. Given the cor-



CAIRN TERRIERS
The property of Lady Burton

rect breeding, you may be the owner of a future Waterloo Cup winner, or a potential Mick the Miller. Mrs. Bosanquet has unfortunately hurt her leg, and therefore has to give up her greyhounds as she cannot attend to or exercise them properly. She sends a photograph of the pups, and says they are really good ones, bred from Waterloo Cup winners. She has three beautiful saplings, nine months old, the same breeding, for sale. Owing to the unfortunate state of her health she will sell them all very cheap as she wants to part with them. She also has some wire-haired pups for sale by Stormy of



GREYHOUND PUPS
The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

one feel at home. As time goes on Inverness Show should become more and more popular with people from the south. One could not have a pleasanter holiday than visiting it. It is a lovely drive from England, excellent roads, good hotels, both at Inverness and on the road, which welcome dogs, besides the interest of seeing dogs really on "their native heath." There is no holiday equal to one in the Scottish Highlands.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Bines, the sire of many winners. She sends the photograph of the pups and has many others to dispose of, also a nice young bitch. Mrs. Bosanquet will supply full pedigrees of these and of the greyhounds on application.

Lady Burton's name is well known wherever an interest is taken in Cairns. The Baroness has been one of the chief people to bring the Cairn to its present pre-eminence, and the "Dochfour" prefix is in every pedigree. The dogs from this kennel are all of the true old Cairn type founded on Mrs. Alistair Campbell's famous strain. Lady Burton has a number of puppies and young dogs for disposal, and sends a picture or two of her well-known winners. At the present moment the Cairn is the most popular of all terriers as a companion.

There was, as usual, a large turn-out of them at Inverness Show, Inverness being the headquarters of the district from which the Cairn comes. The show was a most pleasant one, and the excellent committee, with the courteous secretary, Mr. MacBean, worked hard and made every-



FOX-TERRIER PUPS
The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

Just up to the rim . . .
Fine ! . . . take it easily . . .
for this is a Bols Liqueur.
And there is one joy in the
anticipation . . . and another
in the realisation . . .
well . . . here's health !

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crème de
Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec.
Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

BOLS
LIQUEURS
& V.O. GENEVA

333

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CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3



Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

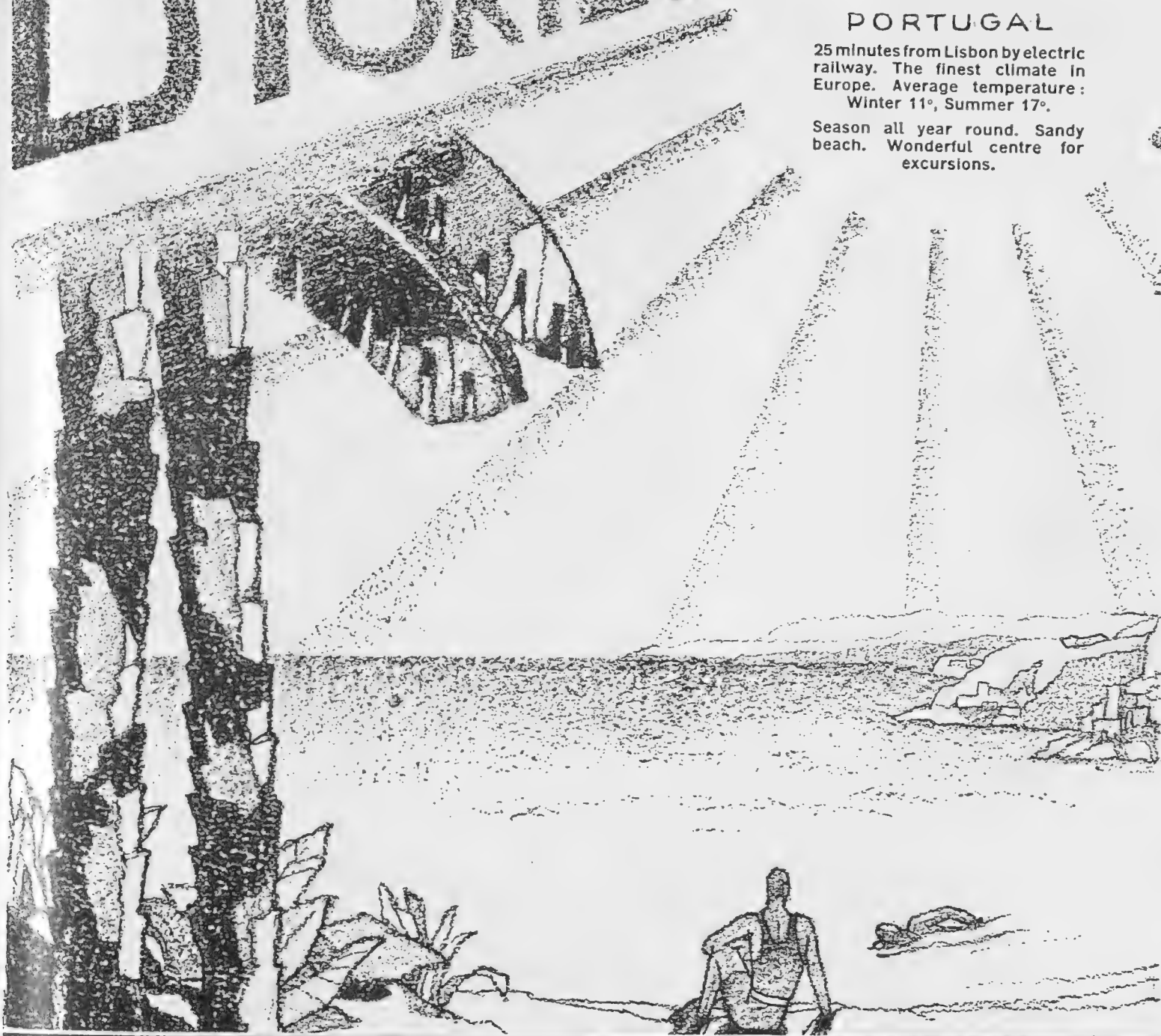
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Thermal Establishment, large swimming pool with lukewarm water, electric treatments, physiotherapy, treatment of rheumatism, lymphatism, malnutrition, gastro-intestinal diseases, cardio-vascular diseases, etc.

SUNSHINE, FLOWERS, UNCHANGING BLUE SKIES



MR. AND MRS. DANIEL D.
BULGER, JNR.

Who were married on August 13 at Dublin. The bride was formerly Miss Sheila Tunney, and is the daughter of the late Mr. P. V. Tunney and Mrs. Tunney of Dublin

Kent Haliburton Karslake and Miss Eleanor Paget Musgrave Harvey, which is also at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Weddings and Engagements

In Calcutta.

Mr. William James Coode, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Coode of Hooe, Plymouth, and Miss Dorothea Elgar Down, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Down of Whitchurch, Devon, late of Plymouth, are being married in Calcutta in October; Lieut.-Colonel H. M. P. Hewett and Miss Joyce Garrard are also being married in Calcutta, and their wedding will take place on November 12.

Marrying Shortly.

On September 27 Mr. Oliver Stuart Todd is marrying Miss Dorothea Hicks at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; on the 16th Mr. Francis Lowsley-Williams, 16/5th Lancers, and Miss Monica Makins are being married at the Priory Church, Woodchester, Gloucestershire; Mr. George MacGowan Harper and Miss Ruth Musgrave Harvey are to be married on the 26th at St. George's, Hanover Square; and on October 1 there is the wedding of Mr. Edward



MISS MARJORIE LANCHESTER

Who is marrying Lieut.-Commander Alfred Mervyn Bingemann on September 27, at Christ Church, Sutton, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lanchester of Newstead, Belmont, Surrey

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Thomas Gilbert Standing of Prince Edward School, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and Miss Rosamond Beatrice Fremantle, the elder daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fremantle; Mr. John Chalk Reynolds, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reynolds of Harborne, and Miss Mary Greener, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. Greener and Mrs. Greener of Ty Graig, Barmouth; Lieutenant T. E. Podger, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. P. Podger of Oakleigh Park, London, and Miss Joan Mary Burdekin, the younger daughter of the Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Burdekin of West Woodhay Rectory, Newbury; Mr. Edward Uther Haldane Pentreath, the elder son of

Dr. and Mrs. Pentreath of Kaimosi, Kenya, and Miss Alice Marjorie Hall, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hall, Holmer Grange, Hereford; Major S. G. B. Marsh, M.C. (late Royal Artillery), of Springmount, Mountrath, Queen's County, and Miss Ina Marsden, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. T. Marsden of Killeaney, Mountrath.



MR. AND MRS. W. G. L.
MCLELLAND

Photographed after their wedding on August 11. Mrs. McClelland was formerly Miss Anne Scott, the elder daughter of the Rev. C. V. R. and Mrs. Scott of Leavesden Vicarage, Herts

Harvey Nichols Knightsbridge

**A
NEW
FELT HAT**

—an exact copy of a "Le Monnier"
Model. In Black and several good
colours.

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Booklet (T) on request. Consultations free of charge.

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Sagging Cheeks or Necks, Nose-to-Mouth Lines, Wrinkled Eyelids, Drooping Eyebrows, Scars, Unshapely Noses, Ears, or Lips, Double Chins, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc.

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SINGLE OR DOUBLE ROOMS WITH & WITHOUT PRIVATE BATHROOMS.

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In the luxurious Eugène Method of permanent waving, women throughout the world find their hopes more than gratified . . . For the Eugène Method is unequalled in gentleness and safety; and the Eugène Wave unmatched for grace and naturalness . . . This tremendous advance in the art and science of permanent waving is due to the Eugène Sachet, with its patented perforated steam tab. . . .

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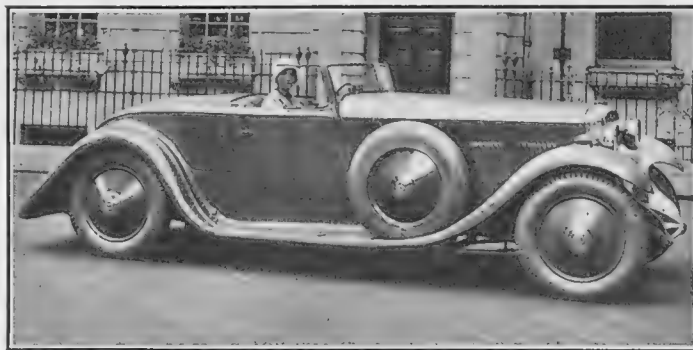


Petrol Vapour—continued

find me a 3½-h.p. Benz. I've got a customer who's simply screamin' for one." 'Twas ever thus. Let the years revolve in their due cycles, and that which was formerly discarded rubbish shall again be treasured; and the worse its condition the more it will be prized.

An Epidemic.

I always reckoned myself pretty good at finding a reason for things. I mean to say that if there wasn't a real reason I could generally invent one that would pass muster. But there is one thing—amongst others—that I cannot explain, and that is why tyre troubles, having held off for long enough, come in a gusty sort of cluster. 1923 was a bad year for me. In May I had three punctures and one burst between Moreton-hampstead and Tavistock. Two months later I "did in" three covers between Coventry and Towcester. 1927 again saw me adrift amongst a sea of tyre troubles. If there was a hob-nail in the county you could bank upon my picking it up. So Clementina II. was equipped with two spare wheels, and the natural result was that in two years I never had to change a wheel. But this last week I have contrived to break all records. I brought home a car on trial. Next morning two of its tyres were flat. For one I substituted the spare wheel. The other I pumped up with my priceless Kismet Duplex. And made all possible speed to the excellent garridge in my little townlet. Repairs were put in hand and neatly executed. I was just about to set off to my golf, when the foreman drew my attention to the fact that another tyre was limp. Small wonder, for a bit of horse-shoe, like a small scimitar, was embedded in its wall. So that had to be repaired too; which meant no golf. But why should not Mrs. P.V. come along with the Hillman and rescue me from this absurd situation? Over the 'phone Mrs. P.V. cheerfully agreed to do the needful. But five minutes later she rang up to say that Hilda had two flat tyres, and would I please to go into that matter without delay.



MRS. JOSEPH A. MACKLE

In her new 20-30-h.p. Daimler. This beautifully modelled car won first prize in the sporting-car class at the recent Brighton Motor Rally and Concours d'Élégance

Motor Notes and News

Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft, have just booked a very interesting order for a 65-ft. twin-screw motor house-boat for use chiefly on the Broads, but it is to be of such a substantial nature that it can be taken round the South Coast and to the Thames, of course under escort. This very interesting vessel has a length of 65 ft. with a breadth of 14 ft., and when complete will probably be the finest boat of her type that has been produced in this country. The accommodation consists of two double state-rooms and two single state-rooms in addition to a very large saloon occupying the forward portion of the vessel, and having leaded windows looking out on to the forward deck. The saloon is to be carried out in the period style and will probably be panelled in unpolished walnut; the details, however, so far as the decorations of the saloon are concerned, are not yet complete. The owners' state-room will also be a very fine piece of work, and opens into a large bathroom, complete with hot and cold water; all the state-rooms have, of course, their own water supply and electric light. The promenade deck above the accommodation is 40 ft. by 11 ft. unbroken, with canvas dodgers forward.

Crews' quarters are provided for aft, with very complete galley with electrically run refrigerator, and the engine-room contains two Brooke engines driving twin screws. A 1-kilowatt lighting plant and electric compressor for the refrigerating plant, large batteries, and accumulators are also provided for.

It is with interest that we note that a monarch who has been much in the public eye of late, King Carol of Roumania, has recently purchased one of the famous All-British Atco motors—a 12-in. model. Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham, the manufacturers, thus add another famous name to the already long list of well-known users. It is a tribute to the remarkable world-wide reputation of these machines that the Atco was chosen by King Carol.

Britons work with enthusiasm only when making the finest. It is not enough to take pride in producing less than our best—the world's best.

The making of CASTROL gives satisfaction to many; its use has given pleasure to all.

The name is honoured: it is a motoring tradition. Never, for lack of effort, shall the supremacy of Castrol wane.

*The product of an
All-British firm*

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2





Take a "Valstar"
away with
you!

Holidays are rare enough. Don't let wet weather ruin yours. Take a "Valstar."

"Valstar" fabric is woven only from the finest yarns; it is intensely durable, yet very light in weight. Proofed without rubber, self-ventilating, it will resist the wildest rain and the most boisterous weather.

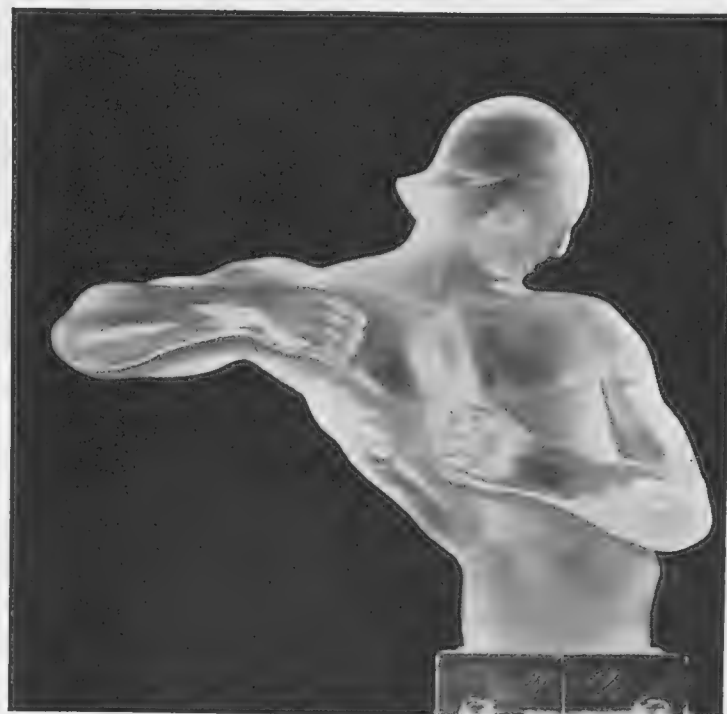
Every Valstar Weathercoat carries the Valstar label with a definite guarantee. For women the Valstar is made in over thirty smart shades, for men in subdued masculine tones. Sold by the leading Stores, Drapers and Outfitters. If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to the manufacturers for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

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LADIES' VALSTAR (fully lined) 65/- MEN'S VALSTAR (lined throughout) 3½ gns.
Men's and Ladies' Golf Jackets 2½ gns. Other Models at Other Prices

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The Finishing Touch.

"Power," the charming mascot shown above, is one of the range of beautiful car decorations bearing the name "Red-Ashay." Modelled in glass of extraordinary strength, a "Red-Ashay" mascot gives the finishing touch to any smart car. Most attractive when unlighted, its beauty is greatly enhanced when illuminated. Four separate colours and combinations of these colours can be shown by turning the adapter, without dismantling.

Mascots with Nickel Silver Mount ... 88/-
Mascots with Chromium Metal Mount ... 100/-
1 Lamp and 1 adapter supplied with each mascot.
Other mascot prices from ... 42/-

During the first three weeks of September a SPECIAL DISPLAY of "Red-Ashay" Motor Mascots together with a range of charming creations for home decoration, including Wall Brackets, Table Lamps, Ceiling Lamps, Mirrors, Timepieces, and 20 or 30 other models, will be held in our London Showrooms. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested.

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Allow the makers to send you gratis their coloured folder illustrating more than 30 of these novel forms of car decoration.

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GLASGOW, C.1

Green Taxi—continued

"The Bremen."

"Is that so?" He seemed impressed. "Well, that certainly ain't no row-boat."

"So I've been told."

"Get you back among the castles of old England in four or five days, lady. That boat'll never get in bad with the cops for Atlantic loitering."

"No, sir!"

"Whazat?"

"Nothing. Sorry."

"You're welcome."

We were bumping along by the water front. The road was like a vast crater of mud that had been churned up by a tornado. My eyes, my mouth, my clothes were full of dust from off the wharves. A truck, stacked high with carcasses of chilled meat, loomed over us suddenly like the side of a ship. I closed my eyes. When I opened them again Mr. Solomon was turning towards me with a genial disregard for dock traffic, and exulting:

"We're making good time. See that? That's the new speedway they're building. It'll be joined on to Riverside Drive. I guess they'll have it finished by the time you come to New York again. Kind of different to this, huh?"

"Ye—yes." Crash, bump, crash. "Yes, I—g-guess so."

An officer held up his hand to allow a fire engine to back into its shed. We screamed to a standstill. Mr. Solomon mourned:

"Isn't that tough? This is going to hold us up. Come on now, officer. Give us a break. Give us a break, can't you?"

We leapt forward again. Five dizzy, heart-stopping minutes later, "The Customs House," said Mr. Solomon.

"You'll wait for me, please."

"Sure."

"I don't know how long it will take."

"I'll be right here."

We exchanged smiles. The sporting supplement came out again. They did not keep me long in the Sailing Permits room. When I emerged from the echoing official passages into the sunshine, Mr. Solomon was meditatively chewing a lucky strike and fondling the larger of his remarkable ears. He greeted me with surprise and pleasure.

"Well, well, how's that for hustle? Bet they don't work so fast in England. Back to West 94th?"

"Yes."

He asked courteously:

"Done your packing yet?"

"No, I've got it all to do."

"Yeah, that certainly is the tough part about travelling."

He spoke resignedly, with the crisp carelessness of one who runs over to Europe twice a year on the *Ile de France*. He reproduced almost exactly the accent of those rather snobbish travellers you see in the back page advertisements of rather snobbish magazines, walking up the gang-plank with their Oshkosh luggage and their Chanel tweeds and their English overcoats. A moment later he was demanding passionately of a truck driver who was blocking the road:

"Say, dirty night, get out of the way, can't you?"

"What the —"

"Aw, to hell! I'm in a hurry."

He was the courteous, interested host again, pointing out the different shipping companies along the docks; a distant view of the Chrysler Building—a sharp, imperious exclamation-mark against the pale blue February sky.

"They're going to run up one with a hundred storeys soon. And they won't stop there. They ain't never satisfied in New York. Why, lady,

this town changes so fast it makes you dizzy. No fooling!"

"The traffic's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"You get used to it," said Mr. Solomon.

We skidded on some street car lines, swung out to avoid hitting an officer, blared a warning to some pedestrians who were rash enough to think of crossing the road ("Some guys gotta nerve," commented Mr. Solomon cheerfully), and darted through a crazy delta of traffic.

"Yeah, you get used to it. Why, I guess I could drive with my eyes shut, lady. It's all practice, like everything else. Just practice! That's life, ain't it? Well, glad to be going back to old England?"

"No, not a bit."

"Is that so? Liked New York, huh? But London must be a great place. I'll have to run over one of these days, just to take a look at it."

"I'll give you my card."

"Whazat? I didn't quite get you."

"I said I hope you do."

"Oh, sure. I'll get there all right. Well, here we are lady, West 94th."

I got out, feeling stiff and dirty. Mr. Solomon leant over the side and beamed at me. His broken nose was twisted right across his face.

"Not so bad for time, huh?"

"Thanks for the drive along the docks. I enjoyed it."

"You're welcome. Thank you, lady. Well, have a good trip."

"I hope it's a good movie."

Mr. Solomon, releasing the brake, murmured:

"Oh, yeah, Bancroft's all right."

Well, there it is. A tragedy. Just one of those things. He'll never know. I don't see how he's ever going to know. But when I get back to New York the first place I'll be is the corner of 94th Street and Broadway. Looking out for a check cap, a broken nose, a green taxi, the colour of the underside of a parrot's wings...

Speed with Safety and Comfort!

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THREE-ENGINEED SIX-SEATER

BRITISH MONOPLANE

For Feeder and Initial Air Services

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The Westland "Wessex" is fitted with three Genet Major engines, any two of which will maintain the machine in flight. Even should two engines cease to function the machine loses height very slowly and the pilot has time to select the best possible



landing ground without undue anxiety, ensuring a sense of security from accident not obtainable with any single-engined machine.

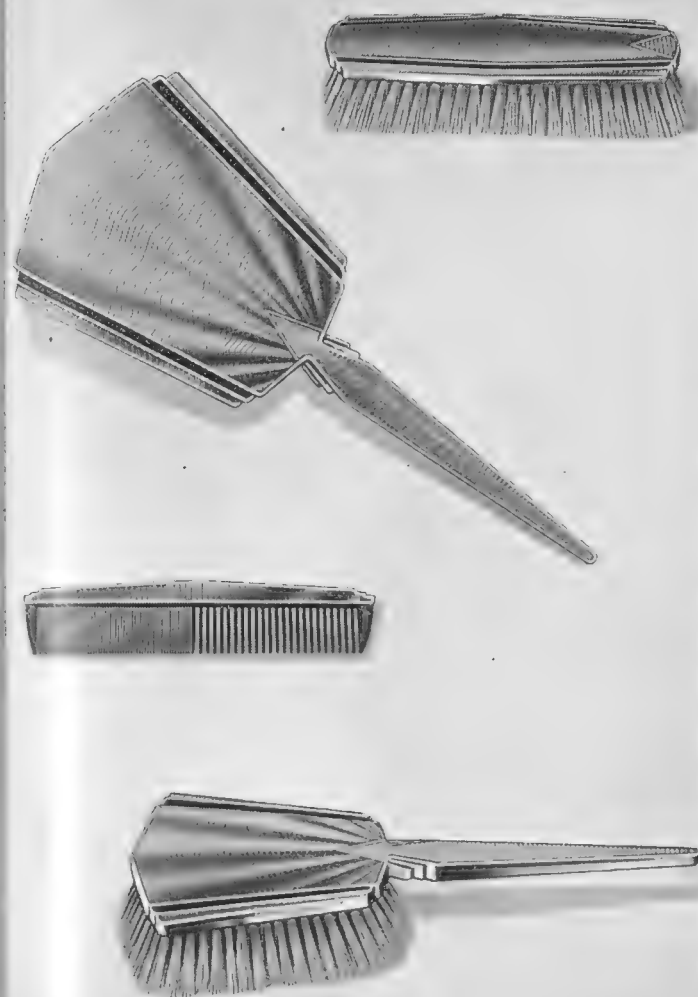
The "Wessex" maintains a cruising speed of 95 m.p.h. for 5½ hours with a pay load as a passenger machine of 1,100 lbs. or as a goods machine 1,200 lbs. with a maximum ceiling of 12,300 ft. Total fuel consumption of all three engines is 18½ galls. per hour.

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Also manufacturers of the famous Wapiti General Purpose Aircraft as used by the R.A.F. etc.



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Hand Mirror (with bevelled glass)	-	£6.0.0
Hair Brush with fine quality bristles	-	£4.2.6
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Horn Comb with silver-gilt mount	-	15.0

Colours: Blue, Green or Yellow and Black enamel.

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(At the corner of Glasshouse Street)

"Always fresh and vigorous."



MISS GILLIAN LIND,

the piquantly beautiful and accomplished
young actress appearing in "On the Spot" at
Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

"I MUST emphasise how thoroughly Phosferine keeps one always fresh and vigorous, looking and working at one's best. When playing a rather tiring comedy part, there is such a tax on the nerves in endeavouring to gain just the right effects, that you may be sure I am very glad of the wonderful assistance Phosferine gives in keeping up my health and spirits, so that I feel always able to play at the top of my form. Phosferine is by far the best means of rallying one's flagging energies, and maintaining youthful sparkle, as even if I should be a trifle jaded or depressed before the show commences, I find a little Phosferine soon puts me quite all right, and I go through the performance satisfactorily and without strain. When I think of the many disabilities Phosferine saves me from, I cannot praise it too highly."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT
the Tonic Fruit Saline—It tones as it cleanses!
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Alawych

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for one of their old pensioners whose balance is very low indeed and who stands in danger of losing her little allowance. She is an old lady, aged seventy-eight, who lives in a West of England town. A superior old soul, her home is one little room, where she does all her own work and tries to hide her poverty from the neighbours. She lives a pathetic life, for she has outlived her friends and has no relations to help her in her old age. Her only income is the old age pension of 10s. weekly, and the small allowance we send her each month and for which she is extremely grateful. When our visitor last called her found a frail little old lady "painfully thin and poorly dressed." This winter will indeed be bitter if she cannot have help from us, and we appeal for donations towards the necessary £14!

The Great Western Railway have compiled an excellent new folder for the convenience of the ever-growing army of golfers in this country. The next booklet contains a foreword by Edward Ray, ex-British and American Open Golf Champion, and brief particulars of all the golf courses, including many of the most famous and beautiful in the country embraced by the company's system. There is also an excellent map. The folder is for gratuitous distribution, and 20,000 copies have been printed. It is felt that it will be of great public convenience to have, in so compact and handy a form, the necessary details in regard to fees and Sunday play of some 350 courses. Any reader of THE TATLER may obtain a copy by sending a post card to the publicity agent, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W. 2.

Nash's Club, which has been open all through August and will not be closed at all, is offering its members and their friends an excellent week-end for September 5. Special arrangements have been made with the Royal Picardy Hotel, Le Touquet, for a week-end at reduced rates before the closing of the season. Briefly the idea is to

go over to Le Touquet, stay at the best hotel, have the best room, order meals à la carte, have free entry to the Casino, luggage taken care of, etc., from Friday noon till Monday evening for an inclusive charge of £10 10s. In connection with the week-end a golf competition is being held for which prizes will be presented. Members and friends will be eligible for this competition. The secretary of the club will be glad to receive any applications for reservations as soon as possible.



MISS GLÆE CARRODUS FOR "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

The young actress who will play the Queen, Miss Lilian Davies' former part. The cast has been reorganised and the play which seemed doomed to an untimely end, will carry on at Drury Lane. Miss Glæe Carrodus was trained by Madame Rodolpha Lombino, one of London's most successful teachers of singing, and justly proud of her pupil

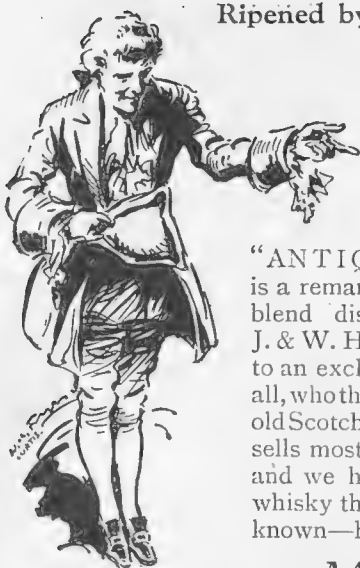
Messrs. Carters of Raynes Park have just issued a new Bulb Catalogue, which shows greatly reduced prices from last year. This should give the gardening public the opportunity of planting many more varieties this season, and in consequence a greatly increased supply of Christmas and spring flowers for their garden and indoor decoration. In the Room Gardening Section is given very simple instructions on how to be successful with this increasingly popular cultivation, first introduced by this firm. A special section is devoted to the summer treatment of lawns, and a list of sweet peas for autumn sowing is included. A copy of this catalogue can be obtained on application to Messrs. Carters, Raynes Park, S.W. 20

Smokers will welcome the introduction of Sunripe Extra cigarettes, a new brand made by Messrs. R. & J. Hill. Sunripe Extra are bigger than the average cigarette and make their appeal on really sound quality instead of on free gifts. They are in fact the original size Sunripes so popular a few years back, and sell at the usual price of 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s., packed in red cartons. Smokers will find that their slogan, "For Size and Tone they Stand Alone," is fully justified.

The Victoria Palace have a particularly strong variety programme this week, including that great comedian George Robey, Lily Morris, Teddy Brown the famous zylphonist, the St. Moritz Skaters, and Max Miller, etc.

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Jewels of Yesterday and To-day

The Ancient Lineage of the Watch.

Many of the watchmakers from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries were great astronomers, philosophers, and mathematicians. Thomas Tompion and "Honest" George Graham were buried in Westminster Abbey with the following inscription on their tombstones—"Whose curious inventions do honour to ye British genius, whose accurate performances are ye standard of mechanic skill." Englishmen excelled the continental makers as far as the internal decorations and durability were concerned. In those far-away days the making of a watch was a labour of love, and the wearing of the same was a proof of gentility. The most beautiful piece of the whole watch was the watch-cock, that is the bracket that covers and protects the balance wheel. Fortunately the watch-cocks were not made of pure gold, they were of pinchbeck, a kind of fire-gilding mixed with mercury which wears like gold. Many represent figures of Cupid, grotesque faces, delicate lace tracteries, flowers, and birds.

Beautiful Jewellery.

And in the salons of Mappin and Webb are many perfect specimens of the jeweller's art. Great care must be exercised in the choosing of the same. Certain stones suit certain colourings, and it may be that jewels that enhance the beauty of one only make apparent the defective points of another. There are far fewer pitfalls for the brunette than the blonde; as a matter of fact the only stone that the former need avoid is the turquoise. Diamonds and pearls look well on both;

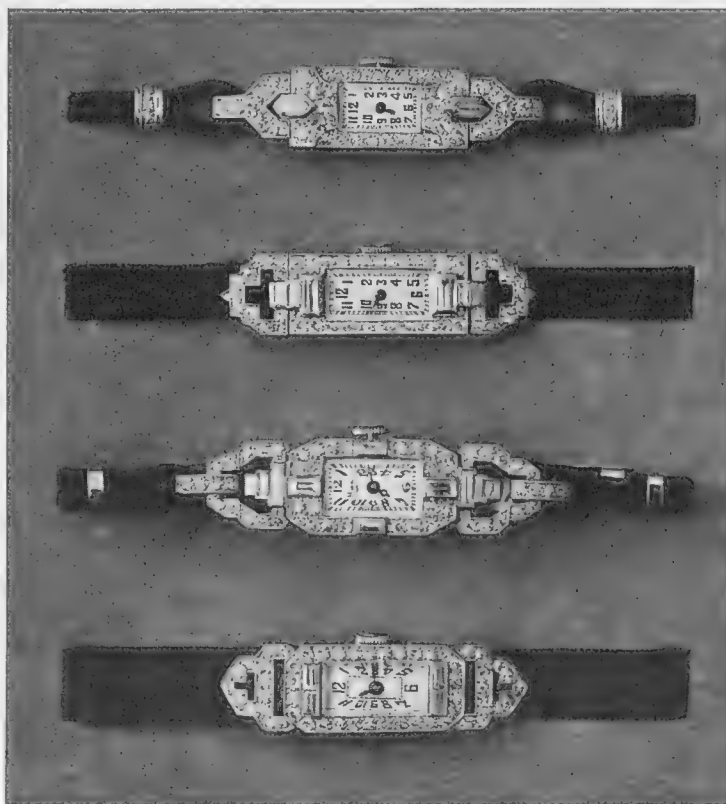
nevertheless the fair woman shows emeralds—the most precious gems—off far better than a dark woman. Diamonds and sapphires are a wonderful alliance; the superstitious believe that the sapphire is endowed with protective powers. All women like to possess an ornament in which their birth stones occupy a prominent position as they believe it brings them luck.

The Fashionable Watch.

The watches of ancient lineage were large, rather cumbersome, and were often referred to as turnips, to-day they are quite small and are as decorative as they are useful. The lovely diamond and platinum watches illustrated on this page come from Mappin and Webb's (156-162, Oxford Street, W.; 172, Regent Street, W. 1; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 4). It is to be regretted that in an illustration it is impossible to reproduce the fire and brilliance of the stones or do justice to the delicacy and the artistic merits of the designs. Therefore it is essential that a visit be paid to these salons.

Choosing Rings.

There are no ornaments that need to be chosen with greater discretion than the rings is the opinion of the authority at Mappin and Webb's; it is essential that the shape of the hand be taken into consideration. The wide hand demands something narrow and long; the variations on the marquise style are to be recommended, while the half circle must never be worn except by owners of a slender hand. The woman whose hands are the reverse of attractive must never adorn them with enormous rings that are of so unusual a character that all and sundry wish to study them at close quarters. Something very beautiful yet unobtrusive is far more appropriate.



These artistic diamond and platinum watches come from the salons of Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street, W., where they are accompanied by a variety of perfect specimens of the jeweller's art



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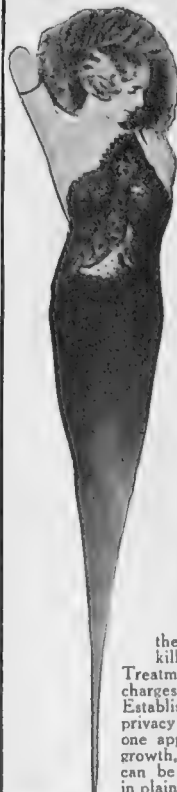
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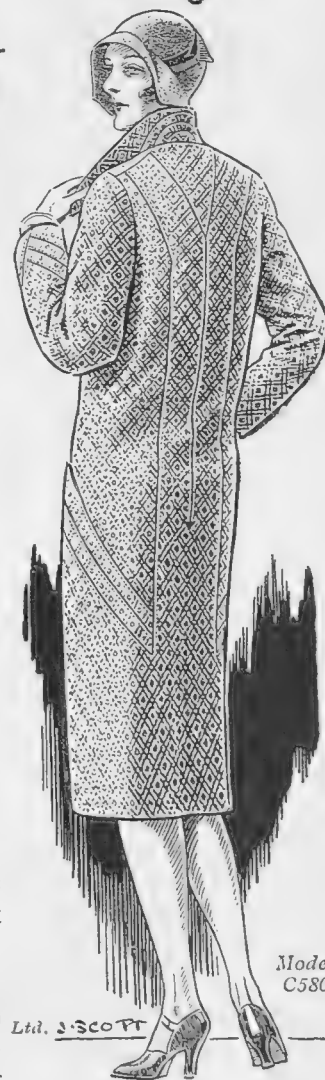
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C580

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OF BOND STREET
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10½
Guineas
Tailored
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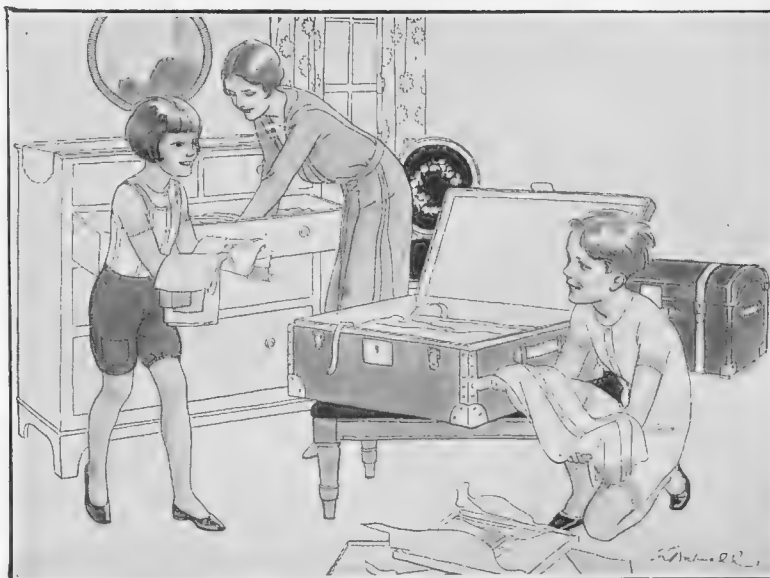
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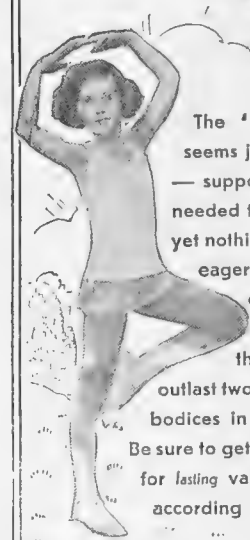
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The 'Liberty' Bodice seems just made for her—support where it is needed to prevent strain, yet nothing to hamper her eager activity. And the exclusive knitted fabric makes the 'Liberty' Bodice outlast two or three cheaper bodices in wash and wear. Be sure to get 'Liberty' Bodice for lasting value. 1/11½d. up according to size.

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in novelty Tweed, slightly
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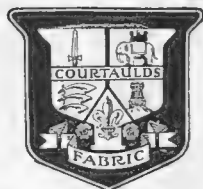
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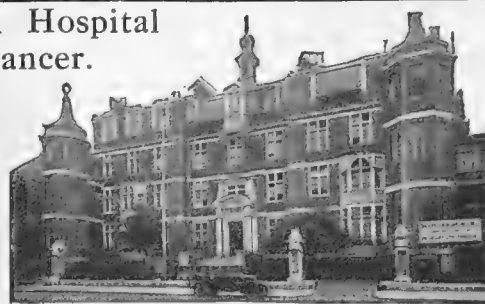
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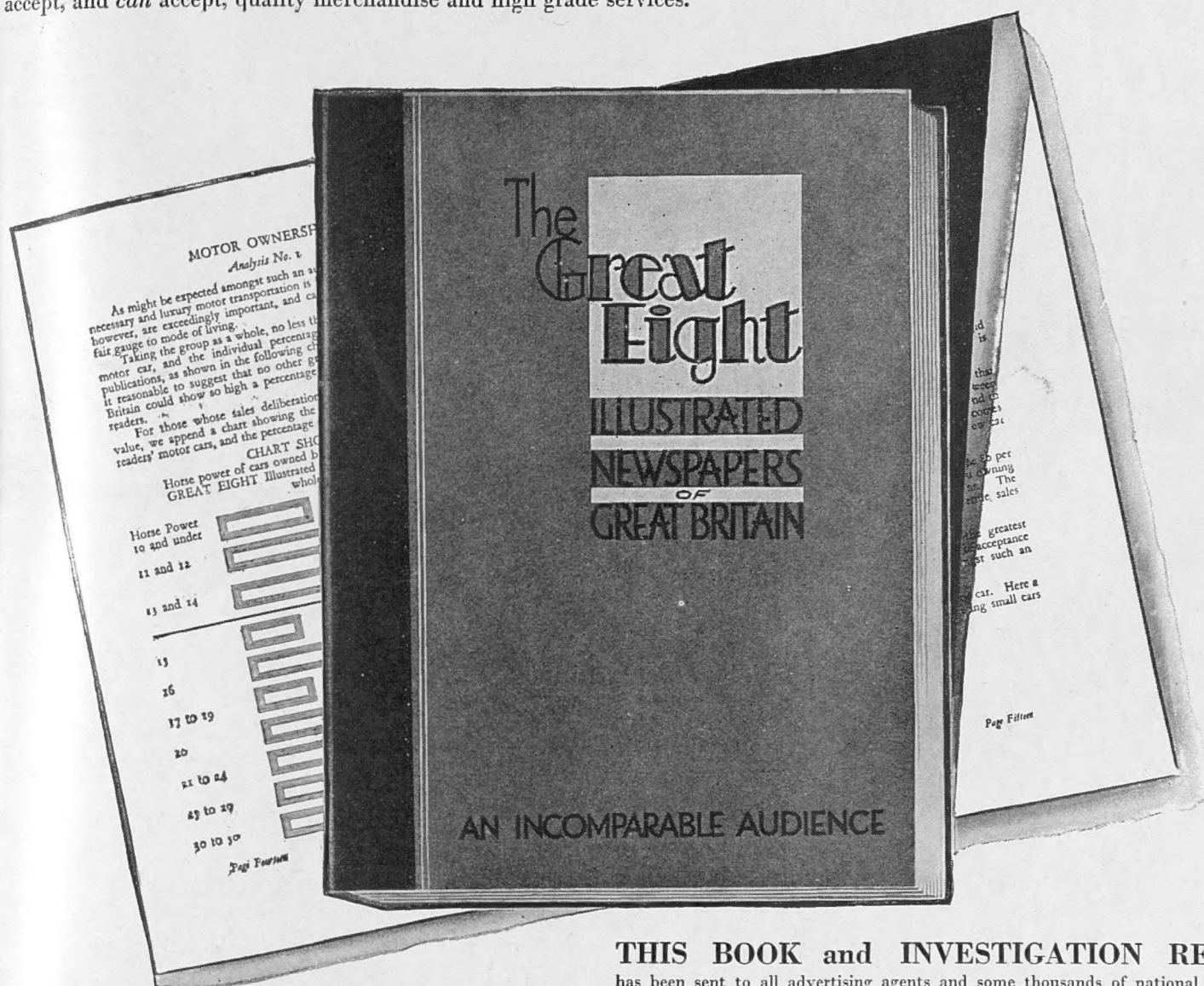
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The Advertisement Director of the GREAT EIGHT Illustrated Newspapers desires to express his sincere thanks to all those readers who so very kindly responded, anonymously, to the advertising questionnaire addressed to them in the early summer. The information that has been obtained will be of very considerable value and interest to our British industries.





Duggie explains—

"Future Events"

Sir Edward: "Like most backers, Stuart, I am very fond of having a flutter on future events. There is a keen enjoyment in getting on a real good tip when the horse is at a long price and seeing it gradually shorten. One of my chief reasons for wishing to make a change is that my agent never seems to lay me a fair price. He always has some excuse, and I invariably find I get a few points below market price. What are your rules for this class of business?"

Duggie: "Simple as A B C, Sir Edward. Ring me up before noon any day and I guarantee that morning's official *Sporting Life* quotation. Ring me up after noon and your commission will be executed in accordance with the official price at the afternoon's calling of the card. I never make the slightest deviation from this procedure."

Sir Edward: "But supposing your client requires to invest a large sum of money on a horse, surely you could not execute the whole commission at the same price?"

Duggie: "I repeat, Sir Edward, I make no deviation from this rule, irrespective of the amount; as a matter of fact, my clients are so familiar with my methods that they seldom ask me for any particular prices. They merely state the amount they wish to invest, knowing they will receive my vouchers showing their commissions carried out at the full market prices."

Sir Edward: "And with regard to doubles on future events?"

Duggie: "These are carried out at full multiplied odds, with no deductions whatever."

Sir Edward: "So that even if I want a monkey on a horse I may rely upon getting the full market price?"

Duggie: "Certainly, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward: "Splendid! By the way, Stuart, what about the Tote?"

Duggie: "Same terms, Sir Edward. No Limit, 'Tote' or S.P."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.